National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Selections.

THE REV. SAMUEL H. COX SIXTEEN YEARS AGO.

New York, April 15, 1835.

To the Rev. John Morison, D. D., London:

Rev. and Dear Sir: I inscribe, through you, to the British public, this London edition of the Inquiry, by Judge Jay, on the subject of Slavery in general, and American Slavery in particular. The work has just appeared in this city, and is read with avidity. Our reasons for wishing its publication and diffusion in your metropolis—I speak officially as the Secretary for Foreign Correspondence of the American Anti-Slavery Society—are many, and of no private nature. We wish the whole world to know more of the subject; that both sides of the Colonization question may be heard; that a world of wicked calumny against the latter institution may be exterminated; that the truth of cis-atlantic matters in the cause of emancipation may be known by its trans-atlantic correspondents and friends; that these may have an authentic manual of facts, and expositions, and references, for appropriate use on all requisite occasions; that the sympathies and prayers of British Europe may be directed wisely and engaged steadily in behalf of the suffering and the dumb; that the attention of thousands may be held in during arrest, on the mighty subject of the interests, and the rights, and the duties of man, in their due conjunction and dependence: that the mother country may be encouraged to still further achievements in the cause of universal freedom and the moral elevation of the species, by the evidence afforded that her noble example is talismanic and electric in its influence on the daughter-country, though following in her path too tardily, *haud æquis passibus;* that the growing interest and the glorious promise of their American brethren in the cause may be adequately, or, at least, in some degree, known by British philanthropists: and that these demonstrations may prepare the way for kindred responses, and for affiliated societies on the Continent of Europe and elsewhere, in the British empire and the European dependencies, till at no distant day, we may behold the organization of a Grand Philanthropic Union for the abolition of Slavery and the slave trade throughout the whole world: and these preliminary to the destined reign of *the Desire of all nations*, and his jurisdiction predominant in all lands and in all hearts of the sublunary universe.

If this be enthusiastic, it is so only in a sense sober and good. It is the enthusiasm of the Bible—the enthusiasm of God. *The zeal of the Lord of Hosts will perform this.* How can one be good, and not desire it? or wise and not aim at it; or faithful, and not trust in God for its accomplishment? Slavery is sin: and this is the fundamental aphorism and axiom of our Anti-Slavery league; we will not descend from the heavenly eminence and infinite vantage-ground of that sure position. *What ought to be, can be.* This, we know, while we hope in God and go forward. The bare conception of such a regenerated state of society is a felicity and a relief. It meliorates the character and comforts the heart. On the other hand, the sentiment that Slavery must be perpetual, is a most injurious and gloomy one. To entertain it is to be base, miserable, and *alienated*, one should think, *from the life of God, through the ignorance that is in them, because of the blindness of their heart*, as those *having the understanding darkened*, and also *being past feeling*. But we, my brother, *have not so learned Christ*. The throne of the devil shall not always rule or stand. Man-murdering and man-stealing shall come to an end in these territories of Messiah. But it is impossible that "His unsuffering kingdom" should effectually come while Slavery remains and flourishes. Such a system of glaring iniquity and God-denying oppression cannot coexist with the extended and triumphant interests of the gospel.

It was a fine sentiment that once and again electrified a Roman amphitheatre, and thrilled the bosoms of arrested thousands, who rose almost instinctively under the glory of its power:

Homo sum: nil humanum a me alienum puto.

It was the enchantment of a theme intrinsically grand and magnificently good.

We should not omit to mention that the author (Terence) of that fine sentiment was an African, and had been a slave! Perhaps his own degraded experience had previously taught him the importance of the truth. He had felt and pondered it when he could not call his own—his limbs, his motions, his hours, his toil, his life, or, in any sense, himself! And who deprived him? His fellow-man. And where was the equity of this? Could he not demand virtually with the prophet, *Have we not all one Father? hath not God created us? why do we deal treacherously every man against his brother?* And with that prophet may we aptly rejoin, *The Lord will cut off the man, that doeth this, the master and the scholar, out of the tabernacles of Jacob, and him that offereth an offering unto the Lord of Hosts. * * * * * Ye have corrupted the covenant of Levi, saith the Lord of Hosts. Therefore have I also made you contemptible and base before all the people; according as ye have not kept my ways, but have been partial in the law.* This partiality is a charge quite too valid, and certainly very tremendous, against the Christian ministers of our day.

I am sorry at heart to say—it is too true of many. If they dislike the exposure, let them remember that the fact of sin is worse than the report of it; and that the way to appear better is to do better. Let them learn to put away the croakings of a cowardly expediency, and speak of right and wrong like the ministers of Jesus Christ. Let them *remember them that are in bonds* as bound with them, and do in those relations as they would that others should do, in a reversal of conditions, to them and theirs. Let them inquire what would be their ethical reasonings, or views of expediency, if their parents or children, or other blood relatives, were stolen and sold into absolute bondage, and then think if their kinsmen are not there, that there are the *brethren* of Jesus Christ, who says of the harm or good we do them, *Inasmuch as ye have done it unto* one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done unto me! Tremendous thought! Is it ever *expedient* to buy and sell Jesus Christ? to rate him in the same class with goods and chattels? to vend him at an auction to the highest bidder? to sell him in *a lot to suit purchasers*, with horses, hogs, and farm tools? to tear him from his sister, his mother, or his brother, and sort him in another *gang*, where he will fetch more money? to load him with chains and drive him on foot, with a number of fellow victims, before a fiend on horseback, whip in hand, to a distant and lucrative slave mart? to do this systematically and in instances innumerable, in the interior of a Christian country whose citizens and legislators join in denouncing the African slave trade as a mammoth iniquity, and the worst form of *piracy* known to the law of nations? But this is not half the truth, nor a synopsis even of the social and moral evils of the slave system and our domestic slave trade in *free* America! It was with similar views that our great Franklin, an avowed and great Abolitionist, adopted for his motto the sentence—*Ubi Libertas, ibi Patria—Where liberty dwells, there is my country.*

The stand which has been taken by Judge Jay is as illustrious and as useful as it is upright and approved to the intelligence of the country. It is very influential also. The personal qualities of its author are in effect less than the virtues of the publication itself; while both are great and excellent. It is calmly written, and replete with facts. It is stored with arguments and rich with principles. It is bold and uncompromising, as well as dispassionate and sound. It shows the combined virtues of the scholar and the jurist, the gentleman and the Christian, the patriot and the hero. It is worthy of himself, and worthy too of his illustrious sire, the late Hon. John Jay, LL. D., a Statesman of distinguished eminence, a patriot of unspotted fame, a sage and a Christian venerated among the fathers of the country. He was the second President of the American Bible Society, and second to none of the four in the qualities that irradiate so high a dignity.

No doubt Judge Jay will meet a cloud of defamation for the position he has assumed before his countrymen and his contemporaries. He is too shining a mark not to attract the shafts of virulence from a thousand pro-slavery quivers. It is their known tactics to trample to the dust, no matter who, that dares to differ from them, sympathizing—as God does—with the oppressed instead of the oppressor. That he should suffer their rallied onset, and be struck at least with the hoofs of their furious brutality, is just a thing to be expected.

Judge Jay will not, however, have an ordeal as severe as that of many of his predecessors in the war. There are reasons for this. The commencement of such a moral enterprise must be crowned with difficulties, and its agents designated as the forlorn hope of the army. Garrison had the honor of the pioneer in this revival of the abolition controversy; and his rising and prospective fame is already hated with a demon cruelty. I have heard every epithet of abuse piled on his devoted head, and really dreaded his name before I knew his character. And now what is his villainy? Why he saw through the hoax of colonizationism; and demonstrated it, with the stern visage of a martyr, to the scorn of conscience and the execration of the good. He did this at first alone, the object of a storm of persecution and a flood of indignation. And what is his fault? Truly, he flatters no one, quails to evidence against authority, takes men more by their actions than their professions, tells the truth—some say—in a most uncourtly style, and edits a weekly newspaper. He is the friend of man and the foe of oppression. The species are his brothers, and his country is the world. But *who wants to be ruled by the Garrison?* Indeed, I know not. Can the querist answer me one question? Well, I will give it to him when I find one more impertinent than his own. It is as full of nonsense, inapt, and insolent as the slang about amalgamation. I never saw in Mr. Garrison any efforts to rule. He never ruled me. He seems indignant indeed that truth and evidence are not permitted to rule even the sacramental allies and official friends of both. But says one, "I hate his style. It is stern, vulgar, uncompromising, severe. He is a mere firebrand." O, then, one would think that Birney would just suit you—the learned, amiable, chivalrous, accomplished Birney; the boast of Kentucky and the flower of Abolition. "No, no. He is too polished." Well, of scores of others.—who has a style to suit you? Surely it must be Jay, or, if not, then is it any dotard that advocates colonization, as if it were wise; cruelty, as if it were necessary; oppression, as if it were expedient; and prejudice, as if it hurt neither its subject nor its object. We happen to know what is the matter with such critics.

There are from two to three millions of slaves in the United States, and about half a million of free colored persons. The ratio of their increase in Slavery is from one-third to one-half more than that of the whites; that of their increase in freedom relatively less in about the same proportion. The causes of the former and of the latter are distinct and well known; but the hastening result is well known also. When we are asked, what are you doing? Why make a social and political earthquake? Do you wish to ruin the country? we answer, not so. *We* are not making a crisis; *we* are only trying to prevent the catastrophe. A state of things is in progress that must be foreseen, and met with an adequate remedy. The national body is too sick to be cured by quackery; but you will not let us examine it, or talk about it, or discuss the way of cure, or tell the fact of internal alteration. You wish things to take their course; and this is your way, and your peace, and your wisdom? As well may impertinence get to heaven by following *the course of this world* as such a system speed; but certain it is that the malady will be examined and the remedy applied; for God is in it! The cause is his own! He is the Lord our God, and he brings up his people out of the house of bondage! He will never endure the existing condition of things. It stands in his way; it favors the usurpations of his great enemy, and counteracts his own rightful kingdom. The God of Wilberforce owns both hemispheres, and his people fear him. Their means are of him—their ends are for him and their victories will be from him—their praises to him forever!

Some ecclesiastical sages tell us, let it alone; what have you to do with Slavery? Is it not a political relation, and do politics become ministers of the gospel or judicatories of the church, or even Christians, in their personal character, very appositely? I reply, when this same subject is discussed in favor of *their side of the question*, namely, colonizationizing, then it is very much at home in the pulpit, addressing men and God: then it is very ecclesiastical, very much at one with all their ghostly conceptions of the quintessence of spirituality, very important for the judicatories of the church to unite with the legislatures of the country to sanction it, and very proper for all the churches to make their periodical offerings and alms to its treasury. It is only the other aspect of the subject that is so much and so impiously at war with all the etheral spiritualities of these transcendental haters of Slavery "in the abstract." Let honesty and sobriety, however, answer with a good conscience, after having well considered the following questions:

1. Is the system of Slavery in the United States, whatever may be its political aspects and relations, destitute wholly of moral ones, which it is right and Christian for us all to examine?

2. Has a minister of the gospel (compare Isaiah lvii. 1, 6,) no commissioned and solemnly responsible official relation to sin in high places as well as low places, and all places of society, requiring him to testify against, rebuke it, expose it in its true nature, and threaten the terrible judgment of God against its patrons and perpetrators, except they repent?

3. Is not Slavery a system of sin, of cardinal robbery and horrible wrong, that God's eternal goodness hates, and which His justice will not fail to render unprofitable to its abettors? Psalm 1. 18, 21.

4. Have the friends of Anti-Slavery, that have periled their lives in the cause of human rights, and encountered all injury and abuse in the power of their enemies for what they have said and done, ever been convicted of using any means and measures except logical and moral ones, and those mainly religious for the attainment of their ends? 2 Cor. x. 3, 6.

Is it half so evident or true, that Colonization is not a system of politics without principles, expediency without righteousness, and worldliness without the morality of the Gospel, as it is certain and credible, and confessed by multitudes increasingly, that the cause of Emancipation as opposed to it, stands on the basis of principle alone, appeals mainly to the judgment and the conscience for its success; while ultimately it trusts in God alone for the realization of all its hopes.

It is wonderful to consider how the whole system of oppression, as organized and established everywhere, but especially in my own country—and America,

——With all thy faults
I love thee still, my country.

depends, for the pivot of its support and its movements on the cardinal point of—color! Although our own cadaverous white, the vaunted albescence of the European or Caucasian race, is the distinction of a small minority, and certainly not the original or standard complexion of the species; yet we make it the criterion and the paragon of all that humanity ought to be, and deny almost the identity of the species, when its millions and hundreds of millions vary on a graduated scale of imperceptible changes,

Shade unperceived so softening into shade,

from the European *white* to the Asiatic *brown*, the Australian *tawny*, the American *red*, and the African *black*. But still all are men, and *of one blood*. And do we hate our brother for being what God made him? Diabolical impiety! Witness, all nature and all reason, that this is hating God himself!—hating him in the works of his hand! oppressing a fellow-creature for the act of the Creator! puting cruelty and privation on his devoted body and soul, because God made him of a hue different from our own! is it credible that if they were all white, all blanched by an act of God, *in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye*, that they could be retained *slaves* any longer? that their rights should be wholly annihilated? their dignity as God's image and his immortal offspring wholly denied? Are they men?—This is the question for men to answer. If they are, there is no other question. If they are, who cares for the height of their stature, or the hue of their skin, or the number of degrees, on the average, in their national facial angle, or the quality of their hair, or the form of their features, or their lineage from Cush and Ham, instead of Shem and Japhet? or even for the fact that their stolen, and abused, and infinitely injured ancestors once lived in hither Africa? I fear that millions of white men will *actually lose their souls*, that millions of the devilishness of their antipathy to a colored brother of the species; since without loving him *whom he hath seen*, with an affection precisely identical, *how can one love God whom he hath not seen?* There is nothing in the universe more impossible—nothing more tremendous!—Repent, O Earth!

The idea that the Bible sanctions Slavery is one to which dreamers would often resort, without any proof or sound examination. Let them define what Slavery is with mathematical precision before they blaspheme the book of the Holy Ghost. In the name of the Most High God, I pronounce it an impious calumny and an atrocious lie! without conceding *anything* in reference to the whole Bible. I beg all men to consider under what dispensation we live, and whether even they can think Slavery sanctioned now? Go, *preach the Gospel to each creature* of the species—except the man in chains—Stay! there is no exception! And shall he be oppressed so terrible by *you*, whom you are endeavoring to rescue from the bondage of the devil? Is this duty? Is it even expediency?

Your George Thompson *is doing good here on a great scale. He is well fitted for his work, invincible in argument, an fait on every point, popular and convincing, gains as he goes; and will, I think, be both more persecuted and more successful.* He is hated, denounced, threatened by many; to whose wicked prejudices the diurnal press is too generally subservient. They charge him with many things, some of which I know to be facts—such as that he is a foreigner, that he is an Englishman, and even that he is a Scotchman! But, calm your ire, Dr. Morrison, the last charge is not true—though they say it. Let them learn to say truth only.

I commend you, my dear friend, and the Cause, to the care and grace of our Lord Jesus Christ; and remain, faithfully and most affectionately, your brother in his love, SAMUEL H. COX.

From the Philadelphia Bulletin.

The Fugitive Slave Case,

IN PHILADELAHIA.

Friday, March 7th, 1851.

Before Commissioner Edward D. Ingraham.—About 6 o'clock, P. M., two colored persons, a female of forty years of age, and her son, a boy of about 9 or 10 years, were brought to this city from Columbia, Pa., and placed in the custody of the United States Marshal, who detained them in his office during the night. They were arrested on a warrant issued by Commissioner Ingraham. Their names are stated to be Helen and Dick, and are alleged to be the property of John Purdu, of Baltimore Co., Maryland, from which place it is asserted they fled in 1849, together with five or six other members of the same family. A habeas corpus was taken out this morning before Judge Kane, of the U. S. District Court and made returnable at half-past 12 o'clock to-day. The petition for the habeas corpus calls the alleged fugitives Hannah and Henry Dellam. The other members of the family fled from Columbia, upon intimation from some quarter that they were about to be arrested, and their whereabouts at present is unknown to their pursuers. The female was arrested at a house in Columbia, where she had been hired for the day to do the washing, and where it also was supposed her daughter was at the time of the arrest, but who was immediately secreted. The boy was found in a barn, buried under a mass of hay and fodder, and was only discovered after considerable labor on the part of the officers in removing the covering. This hiding-place must have been betrayed to the officers. Not the slightest attempt to interfere with the execution of the law was manifested at Columbia or elsewhere, except in the supposed hiding away of the girl and boy. The prisoners are defended by D. P. Brown, L. Myers Ludlow, R. P. Kane, Wm. S. Pierce and ——— Bennett appear for claimant.

We have since understood, that the woman under arrest is very far advanced in a state of pregnancy. Her husband is at present absent in a canal boat somewhere upon the canals, in this State or the State of New Jersey or New York, and is a free man. He has no knowledge of the arrest of his wife and son. The daughter who escaped the search of the officers, is about 16 or 17 years of age. She has three children living, four other children having died. The mother spent a sleepless night in the Marshal's office, and by her weeping appeared to be very much distressed.

In 1838, if we recollect aright, a case of a similar character to the above, was decided by Judge Randall. The female being far advanced in pregnancy, was retained in this State, though proved to have been a fugitive, for the space of four months, and until after her accouchment had taken place. This humane act gave liberty to her offspring.

Committees from the old Pennsylvania Abolition Society and the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society were present to superintend the examination of the case—the first represented by Passmore Williamson, and the latter by J. M. M'Kim, the Secretaries of both Societies.

A draft from the Marshal's Police force, consisting of some dozen officers, were in attendance about the avenues of the State House. The crowd of colored persons was not so numerous as upon former occasions, and those present appeared to be from the better class of our colored population. Not the slightest disorder occurred; the chief interest among them seemed to be that no undue advantage should be taken of the alleged fugitives. This was scarcely necessary, as Judge Kane's well-known humanity is at all times security against any such attempt.

Lucretia Mott, with a number of other benevolent ladies, were present.

Monday, March 10.

United States Circuit Court.—Judge Kane.—The case of the two alleged fugitives, Helen and Dick, who were before the Court on Saturday last and noticed on that day, and which was postponed until this morning, came up again according to postponement. A very large number of ladies were present, and the Court room and avenues leading thereto were crowded.

It is proper that we should correct an error in Saturday's *Bulletin*, stating that Wm. S. Pierce, Esq. was counsel for the claimant. Mr. Pierce is counsel for the alleged fugitive.

D. P. Brown, at the opening said, that upon any other occasion than the present, it would be a pleasant thing for him to present himself before the Court. That this was a case of somewhat extraordinary importance, involving features of a peculiar character. Before this case is opened, I take leave to suggest to you the necessity that may arise of asking for a temporary postponement, and expect when the time comes for a hearing, we shall have the opportunity of presenting our case as we would have had if the matter was gone into at once. Liberty and Slavery reside, at the present time, in the same person, and blossom and bough may both be withered at the same time. It the necessity should arise, he wished to have the benefit of this early application, if the counsel for the complainant should oppose it, as not having been made in time. He therefore stated it at the proper time.

Judge Kane said, that in one or two cases which have arisen under the act of Congress, he had held that the application for a continuance for the purpose of procuring evidence, should be made at the opening of the case.

R. M. Lee offered a record in evidence, but Mr. Pierce said the habeas corpus was first in order.

Mr. Pierce moved to quash the warrants of arrest, and to discharge the prisoners, on the ground of the insufficiency of the warrants. The warrants do not set forth with sufficient certainty a description of the persons of the fugitives, nor was there a certificate that an oath had been made that the alleged fugitives owed service to any person. The description set forth Helen as a negress and Dick as a negro boy, without further description. To show the insufficiency of the description, he quoted from 4 Cranch, 449.

Judge Kane said, if his argument was to show, that under the act of Congress, a description of the person in the warrant was necessary, he would relieve him from reading the case. The same sort of warrant that a father would require to recover possession of his child, was all that was necessary. If the warrant was blank paper, and the master here with the fugitives to claim them, he would hear the case.

The affidavits taken in Baltimore county, Maryland, were offered and objected to by Mr. Brown. He said he would object to everything that he considered a matter of principle. This was not a case in which they were called upon to be liberal. He read the 6th section of the Fugitive Law, to show that a warrant must be secured from a proper Court, or the fugitive seized by a proper agent, or by affidavit taken before a proper legal officer with a certificate of his magistracy, with the seal of the Court attached. It was never contemplated in the law, that the claimant should make the affidavit in his own case, that the party owed servitude. The party who is the witness here offered, is plaintiff in the suit, and twenty seals of a Court cannot give it validity. If offered now as a witness, to swear to the facts he swore to in his affidavit, he would not be listened to, and can he be heard there through his affidavit. A witness who would not be competent here, cannot be competent there: the great touch-stone of cross-examination is wanting. A slave is positively prohibited from testifying there—and the owner by implication, for there is nothing in the law allowing it, is asked to be permitted to testify in the absence of the defendant, which cannot be allowed in any Christian country.

Mr. Lee replied, that if the statements of Mr. Brown were borne out by the record, it would present one state of facts; but as the record was in accordance with the act of Congress, it was obligatory upon the Court. He begged attention to the 6th section of the act, to show that the seal was all that was necessary as to the validity of the proof, and he would now refer to the 10th section, which had not been noticed by the other side, and which clearly sets forth, that the record should be sufficient to show that the person claimed was a fugitive and owed service to the claimant. Unless this case was made clear beyond the shadow of a doubt, he would not ask to have the prisoner delivered up.

Mr. Brown replied, that he did not intend that the counsel should have any of the evils befall him which he had spoken of, if these persons should be unlawfully sent into Slavery. He felt himself as well founded under the 10th section as under the 6th. The party to that section is to make sufficient proof, before a competent Judge, that the persons claimed are fugitives, and owe service to the claimant. But satisfactory proof is the highest order of testimony, and not the mere *ex parte* statement of the claimant.

Judge Heath, of Maryland, did not determine that the proof was sufficient; that is, for the Court to settle: that Judge only certifies that such proof as was offered, was taken before him, and has nothing to say as to its sufficiency. He merely forwards the deposition taken, to this Court. The affidavits mention marks, &c., which can only be examined into here

Judge Kane said that the paper before him was an exemplification of the U. S. District Court of Maryland, with the proofs usually attached, made in due form of law. The certificate attached sets forth that one John Perdu, of Baltimore, testified that certain slaves described had escaped from him and owed him service. He would say that the petition was to the Judge there to bear proofs only, and he could not reject it. By our rules, most petitions are required to be verified. The oath forms part of the record, but is no part of the petition. The Fugitive Law requires that oath should be made of escape, and that service was owing to the claimant, and that a general description of the person claimed should be set forth. In Judge Heath's certificate this general description is omitted; but he did not think this omission would warrant this Court in rejecting the record. He would therefore admit it for the present, and the subject could be discussed at a future time.

Mr. Lee read the affidavit taken before Judge Heath in Baltimore. They set forth that William Hunter appeared and made oath that he knew the claimant, John Perdu, and certain fugitives, among whom were two named Helen and Henry, and that they were slaves for life, together with Zachariah, Charity and Nicholas; that they ran away in November, 1849. It describes Helen as a dark woman of about 40 years of age; and Henry he supposes to be about 9 years, and of about the complexion of his mother; their heights he never measured.—That he is the brother-in-law of the claimant, who resides in Baltimore county, Md.

Arthur M'Court's affidavit was read—It gave a description of the several fugitives, and described Helen, one of the fugitives, in as loose a manner as the preceding affidavit. These affidavits were attested by Judge Heath and Thos. Spicer, Clerk of the U. S. District Court of Maryland.

Mr. Brown asked that the witness in Court, on the part of the claimant, not on the stand, should retire while the testimony was being taken.

Wm. Hutchins sworn—I see two of the slaves of John Perdu here, Henry, Helen; I have known Helen ever since she was born; I know them to be Mr. Perdu's slaves; I raised Helen; I gave her to my son-in-law, John Perdu, about 17 years ago; she left his service about 18 months ago; I have no doubt of them; I visit him two or three times a month; they owe service for life to Mr. Perdu.

Cross-examined—I live in Harford; Mr. Perdu lives in Baltimore county; I live about 2 miles from him, in the 4th District; we have always lived in the same relative position; I have lived there 70 years; Helen is about 38 years old; I keep a list of the ages sometimes; I could have told exactly; I give all my blacks names and ages to the assessor; I don't know that I kept a record of her age or any of her children; I have a record at home; but not of all her children, nor of the time of parting with them; I owned this nigger's mother; my father left her to me by will; I have no copy of the will with me, but have it at home; he left me all his property; he owned the mother of her again; he bought her, but that was before my time; my daughter has been married about 17 years; can't tell exactly, but think it was in 1831 or '32; I gave this woman to both my daughter and her husband about six months after she was married; my wife took them over to my daughter; no papers passed; I gave them to her merely; these niggers left about 18 months ago; I never advertised them, nor gave any account of them; I was sent for to come on here; Perdu is a farmer and always followed it; he has a couple of slaves there; I know of no slaves being sold either by him or by a Marshal's sale; I have heard of a couple of slaves being sold from the place.

Tuesday, March 11.

United States District Court—Judge Kane.—The testimony in this case, which was given yesterday afternoon, after we went to press, was of a conflicting character. Four witnesses of respectable appearance, from Maryland, swore positively to the identity of the alleged fugitives, one of whom had been raised on the same farm with the woman, and the others had known her for twenty or thirty years. Three witnesses had been examined for the defence, who swore as positively that they had known both of the prisoners for several years in Columbia, Pa., antecedent to the alleged time of escape. Upon cross examination, and even in the examination in chief, they were greatly at variance in dates when describing their means of knowledge of the time, by circumstances which occured. These contradictions they could not reconcile.

DEFENCE CONTINUED.

Charles Clark, sworn—I live in Columbia; I have lived there 12 or 15 years; I am a teamster; I am a married man; I live in Elbow Lane; I know them both, the boy and woman; I first saw them about 3 years ago, at my own house: they came there to board; she came there in October; the reason I can fix the date is because in that month a kidnapper came there after a man and caught him and brought him into the town; the reason I know that time is because one October to another October makes one year, and so on up to this October, which will make 4 years; she came there in 1847; I knew Mrs. Haden like a major; she lived about two squares from me; I was intimate with her; she died after Christmas, in Jan. 1848; my wife went away at that time to Little York at that time, and that is the reason I can fix the time of Mrs. Haden's death in 1848; when my wife came back Mrs. Haden was dead; it is more than two years ago since I saw her in Columbia; I am certain of it; she remained at my house about three months; I have no doubt about the woman and the boy; the boy lived with me a year after she left; she had a mark by which I can recognize her; one day as she was washing I saw a mark on her wrist; it was a burn or a cut; it was on the right arm; after the boy left me he went with a man by the name of Armstrong, knocking about the road; it has been better than a year since the boy left my house; after he went away I had another little boy there; I employed him after Dick went away; about 10 days after; his name was Henry; he didn't stay more than two or three weeks; after he went away I got no other boy; I can't tell my son's age; that is in the Bible; he was not as old as Dick; I don't know how old Dick is; I have been in the habit of seeing him two or three times a week since he left me; I knew Mr. Stephens; he was an agent on the passenger cars; I saw Dick there while Stephens was there; I served on the cars three years and six months under Ritner's administration; I can't tell when Shunk was elected; Dick and his mother came to my house long before Mr. Stephens went on the cars; Mr. Stephens kept store there before he went on the cars; they were there 2 years for certain before Stephens went on the cars; she went under the name of Hannah Bellam; I never discovered any great muscular power in Dick; (Hannah, the alleged slave, came forward and presented her naked arm to the Court, and pointed to the scar, alluded to by the witness on the stand;) I left Columbia on last Sunday; I saw the woman yesterday here in court; I never saw her anywhere else in this city; my attention has not been called to this scar since I have been in this city; I now work for Mr. Hamilton: Dick left me before I commenced working for Mr. Hamilton; I saw the scar on her arm in my own house; the woman went to Mrs. Haden after she left me; she then kept a private room; she supported herself by day's work.

Cross-Examined.—I was born in Pennsylvania; I have been married in the neighborhood of ten years; I can't tell the year I was married in; I can't tell when I was born; I don't know my age; I can't tell what month my son was born in; I was married in this city; I was living in Columbia when I was married; I had been living in Columbia 6 or 7 years before I was married; I can't tell when any of my children were born or when any of them died; I can't tell the year I bought my house; I bought the house before I was married; It has been about nine years since I bought the house; I bought it to take my wife to: I have been married in the neighborhood of 10 years; she never told me the child was her's; he called her mother and that is all I know about it; they did not tell me where they came from; Mrs. Haden has been dead in the neighborhood of one, two, three or four years; I can't tell the year this woman came to my house; they came to my house in the month of October; there was nothing to induce suspicion when they came to my house; I can't tell the year I went to Little York; I can't tell the present year; I can't tell the year I left Williamsport; I can't tell the year I went to Columbia; I can't tell whether this is the year 1848 or not: I can't read; I recollect Christmas; I can't tell how many Christmases have passed since Mrs. Haden died; I can't tell how many 4ths of July have passed since she died; I can't tell how many New Years have passed since Mrs. Haden died.

Answer to questions by Mr. Brown—I am a man of no education; I cannot tell whether this year is 1849, 1850, or 1851; I can't tell what last year was called; I was employed by Mr. Hamilton in March, and the way I knew that I have been with him a year is, because from last March makes one year; I know when Mrs. Haden died only from report; Mrs. Haden's daughter was married before Hannah came to my house.

Answers to questions by the Judge—Hannah paid the board to my wife; I don't know whether she paid any; my wife bargained with her; I knew nothing about it; I saw her working at different times; I don't recollect seeing the scar more than once; I said nothing to her about it; I asked her no questions; I never asked her how she got that scar; I have never seen that scar since then; the scar looks the same as it did; I saw the scar here to-day; It is the same mark, on the same place on the same arm; it is black; it is on the same side of the arm between the elbow and the wrist; I have never talked with any person about it since.

She had been at my house when the kidnappers came into Columbia; I did not say that she came there on the day the kidnappers made the arrest; she went to Mrs. Haden's somewhere about Christmas; Mrs. Haden died after Christmas in the month of January; I found out Hannah's name by asking my wife; I did not ask where she came from; I have been to see her at her house; she had none but this boy when she boarded with me.

Henry Bunday (colored) sworn—I live in Columbia; I have lived there 6 years; one year I worked at the river; one year I worked at the furnace, and for the last four years I have been running the cars: I am married; to Mary Haden; I was married three years last October; my wife's mother died in 1848; she did the next year after I was married; something like four months after I was married, she died after Christmas; I was married before Christmas; I lived with my mother-in-law Mrs. Haden after I was married; I was living under the same roof when she died; Hannah Dallum, this woman here, nursed her in her last illness; she must have come there before Christmas; After my mother-in-law's death I paid Hannah 6 dollars; I understood from my wife that she was to receive $1 per week.

I can't be possible that I have made a mistake in the date of my marriage, or in the death of my mother-in-law; I was working on the cars for Mr. Gorrick when I was married; I work with him now; I was with Mr. Gorrick a year when I was married; Mrs. Haden died in the month of January, 1848; the boy was at my house once or twice when Hannah lived with me; I live in the same house in which my mother died; I have seen Hannah since then about the river and the streets.

I have also seen Dick about the shore and the railroad with her; I am certain that is the woman, and I am certain that is the boy; I was at Lancaster when Gen. Taylor passed through there, and heard him speak; I was married at the time I saw him; It was in the fall of the year when I saw him; my wife saw him also at Lancaster; the girl we have kept the house when my wife and myself went to Lancaster; my brother-in-law came to hire at the house before I was married; it was after my mother died when I saw Taylor at Lancaster.

Cross-examined—I was born in Rockingham county, Va., I was free: I was born free; I guess I was born in the year 1825; I am about 24 or 25 years of age; I went to Columbia in the year 1844: in the month of January; I left Virginia in the fall of 1843; I went to Chambersburg; I arrived there in the fall of the year, on a Sunday; I commenced working at the furnace in the spring of the year; I went to work at the cars in the year 1846; in the spring; I first saw Hannah in the month of December, at my house; Dick may be 12 or 13 years of age; I never heard his age; Jacob Strickler had the boy when he was taken; he was taken off his property; I saw him running about the farm; Mrs. Swollyer knew Hannah for two or three years, and she is better than a white man; she said that Hannah washed for her; she worked at Serdan's.

Wednesday, March 12th,

United States District Court.—Judge Kane.—The hearing in the case of the two alleged fugitive slaves, Hannah and Dick Dellam, was resumed this morning. The testimony for the prisoners given yesterday afternoon, after we went to press, was of the same character as to the time the prisoners were first seen in and about Columbia, Pa., as has been before given. Two witnesses were examined, who swore positively to having seen and known the alleged fugitives a year or two antecedent to November, 1849, (the time of the escape) in Columbia; but when their means of knowing the precise time came to be tested by circumstances, their testimony very much conflicted in dates, but they persisted that they saw her there in 1847. The case has lost none of its interest. A large number of ladies were present at the hearing to day, and the assemblage of colored persons in and about the hall was also large. The Marshal's police force were in attendance, and not the slightest disorder prevailed.

Elizabeth Gael, sworn—I live in Broad street; I have lived in Columbia; I lived there in 1847; I continued to live there until 1850; I lived in Second street near to the Union Pike; I kept house while there; I have seen both the prisoners before; I first saw them in October 1847; I saw them in Columbia; I became acquainted with her at the Wesleyan Methodist Quarterly Meeting; I was introduced to her; I saw her at the neighbors; I saw her also at Mrs. Haden's while she was sick; she was moving her; Mrs. Haden died in January; the latter end of January; it was in Mrs. Haden's last March when I saw her (Hannah) there; I saw Hannah there about the beginning of the month of January; Mr. and Mrs. Bandey were living in the house with Mrs. Haden; I saw Hannah first in October '47 and Mrs. Haden in January '48; I am sure it was not 1849: after the death of Mrs. Haden I frequently saw her; I came here on the 28th of June, 1850; the reason I fix January, 1848, for the death of Mrs. Haden is, because at that time there was a festival at Little York, and there were several of her friends who would like to have gone, but did not go on account of her being so ill; I had a child who was sick at the time Mrs. Haden died; he was a year old at that time, and he will be four years of age on the 22d of March coming; I know Mrs. Clark; I knew her at the time of Mrs. Haden's death; I have seen Hannah at Mrs. Clark's; I don't know what she was doing there, I saw her there before the death of Mrs. Haden; I saw the boy directly after I moved to Columbia; he was playing about with the children; he went by the name of Dick; I have no doubt that is the Dick I speak of; I saw him huudreds of times; I have seen him at Mrs. Clark's; I remember having seen Dick after the death of Mrs. Haden.

Cross-examined—I lived in Columbia about 3 years and a half; I have talked with Hannah Dellem; she does not either stammer nor stutter; she speaks distinctly; I talked to her about the sickness of Mrs. Haden: that is principally the conversation I had with her; I never asked her where she came from; I never heard; I never held any conversation with Dick, any more than when he would come to buy anything I would sell it to him: he would often come to buy cakes and candies: I left Columbia on the 28th day of last June, I saw Hannah within the last month before I left Columbia: I also saw Dick within the last month at my shop: the last time I saw Hannah was at a meeting: I read the papers yesterday containing the examination: I read Mr. Stephen's examination: I have never been to Columbia since I left it with my family: I am a volunteer witness: I called at Mr. Pierce's office to tell him that I could be a witness: I saw several persons there.

Questions by the Judge—I lived in Eighth street when I was married, at Mrs. Danville's: after I was married I lived in Powell street, below Sixth: I had one child while there: I then moved in a little street called Russell street: I had two children there: I then moved in Portland Lane: I had two children there: I then moved to Canada: I had no children while away: I came back to Philadelphia and lived in Little Pine street: I had a child while I lived in Little Pine street: I then moved to Russell street; I had one child while there: I then went to Columbia.

Questions by D. P. Brown, Esq.—I have no interest in this woman any more than I would have in anybody else.

Godfrey Keebler, sworn, (white man.)—I live in Philadelphia: I came here last October: I lived in Columbia before coming to this city: I went there in March, 1845: I continued being there till last October: I was a baker while there: I lived in Front street: I continued being in the same street, though not always in the same house: I knew the people pretty generally in Columbia: I have seen Hannah and the boy before in Columbia: I recollect distinctly seeing the boy two years ago last Christmas: I have no doubt about it: I fix that time because the colored boy had the habit of coming to me for Christmas presents, and upon that occasion I accused him of coming more than once on that day for presents: I recollect it was raining all that day, and it was the Christmas before my first wife died: she died on the 4th of May, 1849: I swear positively that I saw that boy before the 4th of May, 1849: I saw him almost daily: I don't remember what they called him: I can't be mistaken in him at all: he used to be with Armstrong's boy: subsequently saw the woman in the streets passing my house: I saw the account of this arrest in Saturday's paper: I believe I know by sight every colored boy in Columbia: the first I saw of that boy was this morning when I came into court: I asked permission of you (D. P. Brown, Esq.) to see the boy: that is the woman I saw in Columbia: I can't say exactly when it was I first saw her: I know Stephens, Clark and his wife, and Elizabeth Gael: I don't know where Dick was staying: I saw him frequently along the railroad with Charles Clark and Armstrong: Dick use to ride the horses on the road: I was married the second time on last November a year: I saw Dick before my second marriage: I was married on the 17th of November: I know Bundey: he lived in Columbia: I knew Mr. Armstrong: he is dead: I think he died two years last February or somewhere thereabouts: I know M

or three cakes: sometimes they called more than once: such boys were from 16 to 18 years of age down to those who could hardly walk: the last Christmas day (when I was in Columbia,) was very cold and clear: it was cloudy last Christmas day.

Re-examined by Mr. Brown—I watched the boys when they came for the cakes, because they would take what did not belong to them: when my wife was lying ill, I had a little girl to attend the shop, who was considerably annoyed by this boy and a number of others who would come into the shop during the day: he used to be in the habit of coming with a boy named Armstrong: this boy was notorious for his impudence and annoying conduct: whenever the boys would see me coming, they would run out and would try to catch Dick for the purpose of flogging him: he came to my shop with little Armstrong, after the death of Mr. Armstrong: Mr. A. died in February, 1849.

Tuesday, March 13.

UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT—Judge Kane. The fugitive slave case, which has been before this Court since Saturday last, the proceedings of which have been daily published, was brought to a conclusion last night, a few minutes before 12 o'clock.

The testimony for the claimant, given yesterday afternoon, after we went to press, was clear and conclusive. It could leave no doubt on the mind as to the prisoners, Hannah and Dick, (who were really named Ellen and Henry,) being the fugitive slaves of John Perdu, of Baltimore.

The counsel commenced their argument at about 8 o'clock last evening, and concluded before 11 at night.

Judge Kane reviewed the testimony at great length, and pointed out the discrepancies and contradictions in that for the defence. It was there alleged, that Hannah and Dick had worked for various white persons in Columbia, previous to the time of their alleged escape from Maryland. Why had they not been brought here to testify? And why has not the pastor of the Methodist Church, she was said to have visited so regularly before 1849, subpœnaed here to substantiate this assertion? The objection that she could not be removed from this State while in her pregnant condition, he considered unsound in law. The master had the same right over his slave, that a father would have over his daughter, if she were in a pregnant condition, and illegally held from his custody. The fact of her pregnancy would not prevent the father from recovering the possession and custody of his child. He reviewed this point at some length, and concluded by remanding the alleged fugitives to the keeping of their master, and gave him a certificate to that effect.

This morning they were escorted to the cars by a large force of the Marshal's police, and safely placed within, and no doubt by this time, they are within the jurisdiction of the Baltimore Courts. Very few persons followed the fugitives to the cars, and not the slightest disturbance occurred. A detachment of the Marshal's police accompanied the fugitives to Gray's Ferry.

From the (London) Inquirer.

AMERICAN SLAVERY AND AMERICAN UNITARIAN MINISTERS.

TO THE EDITOR.

DEAR SIR:—If it is possible to call attention just now from the disputes about ecclesiastical titles, to the claims of humanity, I shall be grateful to you for your insertion of some extracts of a letter from the pen of an enlightened philanthropist on the question of American Slavery. He has given the patient attention of an earnest, inquiring, and conscientious mind, for many years to this important subject, and I know of no man whose judgment upon it is entitled to more respect.

As one engaged in the profession of the ministry in this country, I must say I am truly thankful we are not placed in the same position as our American brother ministers on this question. Faithfulness would require a martyr spirit. And, alas! such is human weakness, that I fear apologies would be sought and found when the cross was before us But on the very ground that we are enabled to look upon the question unbiassed, we are the more likely to see its moral character clearly and correctly. And certainly, looking upon Slavery in its moral aspect, we must pronounce it as an iniquity of the darkest die, that calls for the most uncompromising denunciation on the part of all who have faith in God, belief in Christ, or respect for man Yours faithfully,

F. HOWARTH.

Bury, 18th December, 1850.

TO THE REV. F. HOWARTH.

MY DEAR SIR:—I never volunteer entering upon the subject of American Slavery, for few will take more than superficial views of it, and they become easily satisfied with some vague notions which rather lead them from the truth, than guide them to it. But it is interesting to me to assist those who desire to make an impartial examination, with any aids that I may possess. No person will care more for the miseries of Slavery who will not put *himself and his family* in the *slave's place*, and no one will sympathise with the Boston Abolitionists who does not enter into their position and difficulties; *heart* is needed for the one, *information* for the other.

I have taken every pains to form a judgment of the real merits of the case between the Boston Unitarian Ministers, and the Abolitionists; some of these Abolitionists are, and were, Unitarian ministers themselves; others, Calvanistic, some of Theodore Parker's views; in fact, they consist of persons of every shade of religious opinion, but most of them have left their former places of worship because their ministers do not, as they think, discharge their duty to the slave.

I am quite satisfied, even by the arguments used in their defence, that the American Unitarian ministers have been unfaithful to their duty on the Anti-Slavery question. That they have shown a lack of high principle, and moral independence upon this subject which has prevented them from exerting the same amount of influence which they would have done, had their course been unmarked by a compromise with the worldly spirit of the society around them.

They, indeed, say they *preach* those principles which IF carried out, would abolish Slavery! This the Abolitionists admit: but they say this preaching has been going on for these hundred years, and Slavery has been constantly on the increase! The preachers say the Abolitionists are violent, mischievous, retarding emancipation, &c., &c. The Abolitionists say, "show us a better way of acting,"—at any rate, *show the world you* are doing something directly for the slave besides preaching ordinary moral sermons!

It was grievous to me to see, the other day, in the *Times*, a letter from its "New York Correspondent," *praising* the Boston Unitarians, because their organ, the *Christian Register*, was the only one of the *religious* papers that was in *favor* of the Fugitive Slave Bill!—at least of its not being *opposed*, now that it is the *law of America!* This is a sad comment upon the *professed* Anti-Slavery of our American brethren, and a melancholy confirmation of the charges brought against them by the Abolitionists for their persistent apathy. They want a fresh remonstrance from their English brethren. When you read the "strong language," the "denunciatory" tone of the Abolitionists, so disagreable to yourself and others, you must remember that many of them are Calvinists, some have been ministers, and they use the same Old Testament language in rebuking the sin of Slavery, that they employ in condemning other sins.

We must bear in mind the coldness, from some, the violent hostility of others, the misrepresentations, far and wide, to which the American Abolitionists are exposed. How especially they are denounced by the ministers, who abuse their course, and do nothing themselves that will bring them into discredit with slaveholders or with their congregations, most of whom are usually unfriendly to emancipation. Then we must recollect the sacrifice these people are making of their time and labor, and *circumstances*, to the cause; how they identify themselves with the colored people, and how they are continually investigating and dwelling upon the wrongs of the slave. Those "violent," "infidel," "anti-Sabbatarian," *Lecturing Agents*, of whose "*fanaticism*" we hear so much, are persons of the most self-sacrificing character. They receive for their labors a mere pittance, some declining remuneration, that they may not feel fettered in their advocacy. A tenth part of their industry in other callings would gain them almost wealth.

And then, when we hear, as is so constantly urged by the Unitarian ministers, that the Abolitionists are "*retarding* emancipation," and "rivetting the fetters of the slave," we have only to look to the excitement now existing throughout the United States, occasioned by the *opinion created by the Abolitionists* in refutation of the assertion It is amusing to find slaveholders abusing them for exciting such a disturbance, and creating an opinion against them, and the *do-nothing* professed friends of the slave at the North, condemning them for the same thing! The writer of a letter lately received says,—"The path is now straight before the Abolitionists of the United States, they have only to walk in it. There is no danger now but what can be easily avoided. The enemy has quitted his disguise—torn off the hypocritical mask he has worn so long, and shown himself as he is. We have always remarked in the progress of the cause, that it was safe and blessed when we could find ourselves directly *aux prises* with the slaveholder. Violence and mobs we have no fear of,—they do us good always, and at such times most men find strength and grace to behave well. It is the undermining, base, and treacherous action of the clergy and the Church that constitute our danger, and men who would risk their lives in opposition to a pro-slavery mob become worse than infidels, and deny the faith with oaths when called upon to say that *sin is sin*, though an ordained minister commit it."

The Abolitionists are charged with causing slaveholders to treat their slaves with more stringency; they do not think so, and point to the general ameliorated condition of them in consequence of public opinion. But if the fact be so, they do not feel the responsibility. To them the line of duty is clear; consequences do not rest upon them. What greater cruelties could be inflicted than the Fugitive Slave Bill is now producing? But the Abolitionists believe it is most essentially promoting their cause. They do not encourage the escape of fugitives, though they, of course, help them when on their escape. Such plans the Abolitionists think is but a slight effort against the great evil. The poor slave is exposed to dreadful hazards by these attempts, and failures are innumerable. They aim to proclaim from the tops of houses, with trumpet tones, day and night, in season and out of season, on "the Sabbath," as well as on other days, that "no human being has a right to retain a brother in Slavery."

You must not think I have any pleasure in pointing out what I believe to be the short-comings of our Unitarian brethren in the United States. All the Anti-Slavery party admit that "*the Church*" is the "bulwark of American Slavery," and it is clear that the Unitarians who, I think, ought to be in the van of some movement in opposition to Slavery, are no exception to the general. Their great influence from education and social position in the city of Boston, and their offensive hostility to the Abolitionists, makes the latter particularly annoyed at having their opposition instead of their sympathy.

We must not indulge in the English habit of exercising a *minute* criticism upon the American Abolitionists. Their aims are so exalted, their labors so untiring, their sacrifices so great, that they ought to be exempted from having either their *dress*, or *address*, the subjects of critical investigation. In the early part of my Anti-Slavery *studies*, I was not free from this narrowness.

Hoping I may not have wearied you, I am, my dear sir, Yours truly,

J. B ESTLIN.

Bristol, Dec. 4th, 1850.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

Without Concealment....Without Compromise.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 20, 1851.

SOUTH CAROLINA AND GREAT BRITAIN.

THE result of the correspondence between the British Consul, at Charleston, and the Governor of South Carolina, touching the treatment of British (colored) citizens in her ports, is not likely to be any less important or interesting than was anticipated. During the administration of General Taylor, it will be remembered, this question of the imprisonment, in Southern ports, of colored seamen sailing under the British flag, was brought to the attention of the General Government by her Majesty's minister; and the position was distinctly assumed by the Cabinet at Washington that this matter, being one which it lay within the province of the State Government alone to regulate, it was impossible for the General Government to interfere in the slightest degree without outraging the very genius of American Institutions. The gentlemen in whose hands was deposited the federative power might regret that our powerful mother should find so undutiful and disrespectful a bearing among any of the children she bore and nursed; but as they were each of age, and had set up for themselves, delegating only certain powers to the family as such for the general good, the whole could only be held responsible for each in a certain measure; beyond that, unless the offending member chose to make redress or apology for wrong inflicted, it was difficult to see whence redress or apology could come. For if Great Britain herself undertook to box Miss Carolina's or Miss Louisiana's ears for their impertinence, that was a thing which could not be permitted according to the family compact. In other words, though the Federal Government could do nothing to right Great Britain, she could do a good deal to prevent Great Britain from righting herself, if remonstrances proved unavailing and she should be disposed to resort to more stringent measures. It seemed a very tight place for her Majesty's Government, and a very artful dodge for that of the United States

The Foreign Office, however, did not seem to take exactly that view of it. Mr. Clayton, no doubt, thought, and a great many people agreed with him, that he had given another proof, when he sent the British Minister to a State Government for satisfaction, of what an almighty smart republic we are and what a glorious Union we have the happiness of living under. What was said and thought in London, we are not informed; but we know that the British Consul, Mr Mathews, was directed to follow the suggestion that had been given, and forthwith appeared the correspondence before alluded to. And now, just when this diplomatic relation between the two great powers of S Carolina and Great Britain is established, and the vexed question seemed in a fair way of being amicably settled, in steps Mr. Webster, and, undoing all Mr. Clayton's fine work, declares that that gentleman was altogether in the wrong when he asserted that the State and not the General Government had jurisdiction in such a case as this. The Federal Government, her Majesty's minister is now informed, will attend to this matter, it being one quite out of the province of Governors and Consuls. The present Secretary of State, it is evident, has a deeper insight into millstones than belonged to his predecessor.

At any rate, that such is the present position of the affair, seems very evident, if we may rely—and there is no reason why we should not—upon the subjoined article from the 'London Morning Chronicle.' As the British Minister had already been to our Government, and received no satisfaction, and had entered into correspondence with Gov. Means, in accordance with the suggestion of Mr. Clayton, of course the backward step—of again bringing the matter to the attention of the General Government—could not have been taken by him. It was Mr. Webster who must have brought the question before Sir Henry Bulwer, and not Sir Henry Bulwer who presented it for the consideration of the Secretary of State The artful dodge was found, when put into practice, to be not so artful after all. Mr. Webster concluded, perhaps, that this acknowledgement of the sovereignty of South Caroline might, in these piping times of nullification, prove an unlucky precedent, and lead to unpleasant results. South Carolina permitted to exercise the treaty-making power in one case, might choose to assume it in another. Rumors have been afloat since the publication of the correspondence between the Consul and Governor that the demand of the British Government was likely to be granted, and her ships, for the future, made an exception under the law relating to colored seamen. This was a result which was probably never dreamt of at Washington, and one which the Government there very well knew it could never have forced upon South Carolina. What does South Carolina mean? That she does not choose to say; but Mr. Webster can easily divine without being very shrewd at guessing. Gov. Means was evidently hugely tickled at being approached in so deferential and respectful an attitude, by so great a power, and might be flattered into granting their demand; and the Quattlebumites generally never like to lose an opportunity to show their contempt and disregard of the Constitution and of their constitutional obligations to other members of the Confederacy. Added to these personal considerations, considerations of State would have due and great weight, and Carolina might, by a treaty giving and securing benefits, perhaps offensive and defensive, put herself in a position to make Nullification respected.

It is a pity such an excellent plot be spoiled, if Mr. Webster has really been successful in nipping it in the bud. But we have great faith in South Carolina. Her mood, when acting, through her Governor, as a principal, and in correspondence as equal with a first-rate power, will be found to be quite another thing from that in which she will indulge herself when put into the position of a subordinate, and called upon by a superior to annul certain oppressive municipal regulations lest worse come of it. She might gladly grant, for a proper consideration, that to Great Britain which, if asked for by a sister State of the Federal Power, she will answer by kicking the unlucky messenger who has the temerity to make the demand out of her presence. Mr. Webster may himself see a way out of the tight place into which he has voluntarily put himself, and where Mr. Clayton so fondly flattered himself he had firmly fixed quite another person. But to our unanointed eyes, the Secretary of State looks much like Dr. Rickabocky after his voluntary assumption of a seat in the village stocks, though we doubt if that excellent man's perfect equanimity and entire unconcern at his position is shared by the prisoner in the stocks of Statesmanship.

Everybody knows that the moment a British ship touches at a port in South Carolina, those of her crew whose complexion falls below a recognized standard of olive, are immediately taken into custody by the police, and lodged in prison till the vessel clears outwards. Some extraordinary examples of this peculiar practice appear to have come recently under the notice of our Consul at Charleston, and he has been instructed by the Foreign Office, to lay a strong remonstrance before the Governor of the State. The American newspapers would have us believe, that this proceeding on the part of the local agent of our government, has raised a great question of International law between England and the United States, and a still greater question of constitutional jurisprudence between the State of South Carolina and the American Federation.

It may be remembered that representations on the same head were some time since addressed to President Taylor's administration, by the English plenipotentiary at Washington. A not very lucid or satisfactory legal argument, signed by Mr. Clayton, was received in reply, but it contained a clear admission that the privilege of incarcerating British subjects on account of discoloration of the scarf skin, was not one of the rights ceded to the federal government by South Carolina, in the constitutional pact. The application of Mr. Consul Mathew to Governor Means, in the direct logical consequence of Secretary Clayton's letter; but, in the sciences of diplomacy and of constitutional interpretation, two and two do not always make four, nor is the conclusion at all times a necessary result of the premises. The federal authority, recoiling from the anomalies which the independent action of a single State would entail, and not a little irritated, perhaps, by the evident complacency of Governor Means in repeating the words "our government," "your government," and "the two governments"—*have abandoned, under President Fillmore, the position which they took up under President Taylor, and Sir Henry Bulwer is engaged in a "long and active correspondence,"* explanatory of Consul Mathew's diplomatic irregularity, in resorting to the subordinate instead of the superior.

It can never be contended that no wrong has been suffered. The gratuitous imprisonment of a whole class of British subjects, tested by every criterion of international law and still more by that large and liberal version of it which was sanctioned by the House of Commons, in the Greek debate, amounts to a diplomatic grievance of the first magnitude. The most considerate and long-suffering of foreign ministers would never endure that, under a general permission to trade with a Roman Catholic country, Protestant sailors should be locked up as soon as they landed, and Romanists only allowed to go at large. The King of Naples is as anxious to keep free Englishmen out of his dominions, as South Carolina can be to exclude free negroes from her boundaries But he does not declare that his subjects associate the presence of Englishmen with revolutionary principles—that the characteristic marks of an Englishman are red hair and red whiskers—and that he is therefore under the painful necessity of imprisoning all red-headed foreigners who may visit his realms.

The "bloated Bourbon" confines himself to the expedient—at all events, an impartial one—of an interminable quarantine, which is calculated to slay the most fervent of propagandists with weariness and *ennui*. In the case of America, the indignity offered to us by the South Carolinian practice, is the more inexcusable, because the relations of the two countries are not governed by the common law of nations, or by a single treaty, but by a succession of treaties, and by habitudes of commercial intercourse which possess a sanction almost beyond that of international engagements. Nor can it be urged against us that we have not appealed to the proper tribunal We had recourse to the federal government, and we were informed that no jurisdiction over the matter resided in Washington. We now betake ourselves to the government of Carolina—a sovereign State, in every incident of sovereignty—which has not been transferred to Washington; *and the central authorities immediately interfere with a protest, urging upon us—reasonably, it may be, but most illogically—the perplexities which must ensue if we attempt to treat with an isolated member of the federation on the same footing as with Mexico or Chili.* We are thus called upon to give our assent to the doctrine that, by complicated internal arrangements, a country may contrive to annul its external responsibility.

The truth is, it is quite idle to argue, as a difficulty of public or domestic law, a matter which every soul in the Union admits to be embarrassed solely by circumstances and accident. Nobody has a shadow of a doubt that, in relinquishing the management of her external relations to the President and Congress of the United States, South Carolina disqualified herself for the enactment of laws which, by their operations, if not by their league, affect the foreign policy of the Union The constitution provides a very simple mode of superseding local jurisprudence where it encroaches on the privileges reserved to the collective federation. But the difficulty commences at the next stage The fiery citizens of South Carolina would be sure to disregard the disallowance of their acts by the Washington authorities, and any attempt to coerce them would be made at the cost of civil war, and at imminent risk to the cohesion of the federal system

In addition, it may be observed that there *is probably no man in America more disinclined to push a question to extremities than the present Secretary of State, hampered as he is by somewhat extravagant professions of devotion to the Union.* In the face of such perplexities, the most honest, perhaps the wisest, and certainly the most consistent, policy would have been to let the British negotiations with South Carolina take their course. The tone of Governor Means, in the correspondence with Consul Mathew, is markedly courteous; and it is not at all unlikely that the State Legislature would have relaxed the obnoxious practice in our favor—a little, no doubt, by way of brilliantly vindicating the theory of "State Rights," but partly also from an enlightened sense of the folly of feeding a quarrel between the population which produces the cotton of the world and the population which manufactures it.

We are sincerely desirous that the "long and active" correspondence should produce some intelligible result, even if it do not bring redress—not that we are in the least inclined to imitate a few of our transatlantic contemporaries, who rub their hands over the dispute, declare it insoluble, and conclude, with simulated gravity, that it must end in a war. But if we cannot obtain reparation, let us at all events have the question placed in the proper light. Mr Webster's sophistry will doubtless be exerted in mystifying it with greater success than was Mr Clayton's; but *we trust that Sir Henry Bulwer will drive his correspondent to a point beyond the audacious quibble that the subject of our complaint is nothing more than a rule of local police.* It will be some kind of amends for the insult put upon our colored fellow-countrymen to have it publicly and explicitly avowed, by the organ of self-complacent democracy, that a subject of the British oligarchy cannot set his foot on a portion of the territory of the republic without imminent danger of a popular insurrection.

A REPLY TO S. A ELLIOT, BY "HANCOCK."

THE editor of the *Journal of Commerce*, whose pious zeal has been shocked and outraged any time these last dozen years whenever a clergyman has ventured to allude, in the pulpit, to the sin of American Slavery, acknowledges without blushing as true the charge that the Union Committee have used its funds in scattering over the country thousands of sermons preached to uphold the divinity of Slave-Catching. The editor of the *Express* who is no less in favor of upholding by preaching and practise, that which, before he knew how popular it would be, he was afraid to vote for, complains that his "editorial table groans" with sermons and essays written to show that there is a higher law than that which enjoins upon us the duty of hunting down, like a beast, any poor creature who, in contravention of the Constitution, has taken it upon himself to choose whether he will enjoy the fruits of his own labor or permit himself to be robbed of them by some lazy scoundrel unable to take care of himself. That there are 'sermons in stones' we all know, and the only wonder is that those over which Long, and Ellen Dellam and her son, and others have marched recently on their Southward journey, did not make themselves heard: but it is something to know that editorial tables are mindful of their duty and groan at the iniquity against which there are so many remonstrances.

—Of these remonstrances we also see many—so many that we have not space or time to notice them. And in the universal gloom which now surrounds the fugitive slaves it is a cheering fact, that many a voice, that was never raised before, is lifted up in pulpit and parlor to cry out against the wrong that is done these unhappily people.

Among the best of these is an essay lately issued by Crosby and Nichols of Boston, entitled "A Letter to the Hon. Samuel A. Elliot, on his defence of his vote in favor of the Fugitive Slave Law, by 'Hancock.'"—Whoever wrote it is perfect master of his subject, and represents such an array of fact and argument as must needs carry conviction with them wherever they are read. The following extracts though long, will hardly fail to command the attention of the reader:—

. . . . . .

If the "peace measures" have strengthened the bond of the Union, what mean all the meetings lately held to *save the Union?* Why is the tocsin now sounded by the very authors and friends of the measures? How comes it that, in Boston itself, the chairman of a Union meeting contradicts the exulting and jubilant shout of triumph uttered by the Secretary of State, and makes the following doleful announcement:—"The Union, and consequently the existence of this nation, is menaced, and unless there is a great and general effort in their support, we may soon behold the mighty fabric of our government trembling over our heads, and threatening by its fall to crush the prosperity which we have so long and happily enjoyed." So relaxed has become the bond of our Union, that one hundred gentlemen of property and standing in New York have, under the style and title of "The New York Union Committee of Safety," assumed the onerous task of taking it into their safe keeping. "Committees of safety" are associated with times of peril and anarchy, and are never wanted when alarms have ceased, angry discussions ended, the Constitution fortified, and the bond of union strengthened.

In this universal panic, in this dread entertained, especially in Boston, by Mr. Webster's friends, of soon seeing the mighty fabric of our government trembling over their heads, it may, sir, be consolatory to you and others to know how so dire a calamity may be averted. The chivalric Senator from Mississippi—the gentleman who threatens to hang one Senator if he dare place his foot on the soil of Mississippi, who draws a loaded pistol on another, and for a third bears a challenge to mortal combat—was lately in the city of New York. The Committee of Safety found him out, and lauded him for his fearless discharge of duty, and his fervor and devotion to the Union, and welcomed him to the commercial emporium in the name of all who appreciate the blessings we enjoy, and are willing to transmit them to their children. The worthy and conciliatory gentleman very apprpriately communicated to the committee having the Union in charge the conditions on which alone it could be saved, notwithstanding its bond had so recently been strengthened. These conditions are, we learn, four in number.

1. "The Fugitive Slave Bill passed by Congress shall remain the law of the land, and be faithfully executed."

Both you and Mr. Webster admit that the Constitution permits a jury trial to the fugitive. Should Congress, in its wisdom, and in obedience to the wishes of the great mass of the Northern population, and in the exercise of its constitutional power, elevate property in a human being to the same level with that in a horse, and permit a jury to pass upon the title to it,—*the Union must be dissolved.*

2. "The Wilmot Proviso, that monstrous thing, shall not be revived." It was not courteous, certainly, in Mr Foote thus to characterize Mr. Webster's thunder. The claim to this thunder was made in his speech, September, 1847, at the Springfield Convention, which nominated him for President; and the Convention, in its presence, thus declared their devotion to his missile. "The Whigs of Massachusetts now declare, and put this declaration of their purpose *on record*, that Massachusetts will never consent that Mexican territories, however acquired, shall become a part of the American Union, unless on the *unalterable* condition that there shall be neither Slavery nor involuntary servitude, otherwise than in punishment for crime." The next year Mr. Webster launched his thunder over the Territory of Oregon, and thus in his speech (10th August. 1848) vindicated it from the character now given to it by Mr. Foote:—

"Gentlemen from the South declare that we invade their rights when we deprive them of a participation in the enjoyment of territories acquired by the common services and common exertions of all. Is this true? Of what do we deprive them? Why, they say that we deprive them of the privilege of carrying their slaves as slaves into the new territories. Well, sir, what is the amount of that? They say, that in this way we deprive them of going into this acquired territory with their property Their property! What do they mean by this 'property'? We certainly do not deprive them of the privilege of going into those newly acquired territories with all that, in the general estimate of human society and common and universal understanding of mankind, is esteemed property. Not at all. The truth is just this. They have in their own States peculiar laws which create property in persons . . . . . The real meaning, then, of Southern gentlemen, in making this complaint, is, that they cannot go into the territories of the United States carrying with them their own peculiar law, a law which creates property in persons."

So the Wilmot Proviso was no monstrous thing at all, as applied to Oregon. When the question came up of applying this same Proviso to New Mexico and California, Mr. Webster discovered in these Territories a certain peculiarity of physical geography and Asiatic scenery which he had not discovered in Oregon, and which, he found, rendered it a physical impossibility for Southern gentlemen to carry there "a law which creates property in persons," and he therefore gave them full liberty to carry their law into those vast regions, if they could. But at the very moment of giving this liberty to Southern gentlemen, he courageously warned them that his thunder was good constitutional thunder, and would be used whenever necessary—

"Wherever there is an *inch of land* to be stayed back from becoming slave territory, I am ready to insert the principle of the exclusion of Slavery. I am pledged to that from 1837,—pledged to it again and again, and I will perform those pledges." So, should we get another slice of Mexico, or annex Cuba or St. Domingo, Mr Webster would revive the Wilmot Proviso, and then *he* will be the means, if he succeeds, of dissolving the Union!

3. The next condition announced to the Safety Committee is,—"No attempt shall be made in Congress to prohibit Slavery in the District of Columbia."

Now it is the opinion of Mr Webster, that Congress has the constitutional right, not merely to attempt, but actually to effect, the exclusion of Slavery in *all* the Territories of the United States. The District of Columbia being placed by the Constitution expressly under "the exclusive jurisdiction" of Congress, the *constitutional* right to abolish Slavery there has rarely been questioned; but it has been contended that good faith to the States which ceded the District forbids such an act of constitutional power. Hence, in 1838, a resolution was introduced into the Senate declaring that the abolition of Slavery in the District would be "a violation of good faith," &c. What said Mr. Webster: "I do not know any matter of fact, or any ground of argument, on which this affirmation of plighted faith can stand. I see nothing in the act of cession, and nothing in the Constitution, and nothing in the transaction, implying any limitation on the authority of Congress."*

4. The last condition on which the Union can be preserved is,—"No State shall be prevented from coming into the Union on the ground of having Slavery." This is an unkind cut at Mr. Webster, since he has again and again pledged himself against the admission of slave States Even so early as 1819, he advocated, in a public meeting at Boston, a resolution declaring that Congress "possessed the constitutional power, upon the admission of any new State created beyond the limits of the original territory of the United States, to make the prohibition of the further extension of Slavery or involuntary servitude in such new State a condition of admission. That, in the opinion of this meeting, it is just and expedient that this power should be exercised by Congress upon the admission of all new States created beyond the original limits of the United States." In his New York speech, in 1837, he averred, "When it is proposed to bring new members into the political partnership, the old members have a right to say on what terms such new partners are to come in, and *what they are to bring along with them.*" In his Springfield speech, he insisted, "There is no one [he forgot Mr. Foote and his other Southern friends] who can complain of the North for resisting the increase of *slave representation*, because it gives power to the minority in a manner inconsistent with the principles of our government." So late as 1848, he proclaimed on the floor of the Senate, "I shall oppose all such extension [slave representation] at all times and under all circumstances, even against all inducements, against all combinations, against all compromises."

The State of Georgia, in her convention of December last, added a *fifth* condition to those stated by Mr. Foote as indispensable to the preservation of the Union, viz:—"No act suppressing the Slave Trade between the slaveholding States." Unfortunately for Mr. Webster, he is here, for the fifth time, virtually held up as a disorganizer, and an enemy of the Union; for in his speech in the Senate (6th February, 1837) he remarked.—"As to the point, the right of regulating the transfer of slaves from one State to another, he did not know that he entertained any doubt, because the Constitution gave Congress the right to regulate trade and commerce between the States. Trade in what? In whatever was the subject of commerce and ownership. If slaves were the subject of ownership, then trade in them between the States was subject to the regulation of Congress.

Mr. Webster declared, that the work of the two days in which he rejoiced had fortified the Constitution, and strengthened the bond of the Union; and yet we are now solemnly warned, by the very men and party with whom he is acting, that the bond is to be severed, should Congress pass any one of five laws, all and each of which he, the great expounder, declares the Constitution authorizes Congress to pass. So it seems the great peril to which we are exposed, the course which is to make the fabric of our Government to tremble over the heads of the people of Boston, is, not the violation of the Constitution, nor the breach of its compromises, nor the invasion of the rights of the South, but the exercise by Congress of powers which Mr. Webster declares to be undoubtedly constitutional. The Abolitionists supposed they were following a safe guide when they confined themselves, in their petitions to Congress for legislative action against Slavery, exclusively to such measures as they were assured, by the eminent expounder, were strictly constitutional. The Abolitionists have sympathised with this gentleman in the obloquy he incurred, in common with themselves, for holding opinions unpalatable to the slaveholders, and for maintaining the constitutional rights of Congress. Because he insisted, in the Senate, on the power of Congress over Slavery and the Slave Trade in the District of Columbia, Mr. Rives, of Virginia, was so unkind as to say, that the gentleman from Massachusetts, "if it so pleased his fancy, might disport himself in tossing squibs and firebrands about this hall; but those who are sitting upon a barrel of gunpowder, liable to be blown up by his dangerous missiles, could hardly be expected to be quite as calm and philosophic." Because he presented Anti-Slavery petitions, and insisted on the duty of Congress to consider them, Mr. King, of Alabama, affirmed that the course which the Senator from Massachusettss had taken had "placed him at the head of those men who are inundating Congress with their petitions." Strange as it may now seem, Mr. Cuthbert, of Georgia, told Mr. Webster to his face in the Senate, "The gentleman had uniformly been opposed to all those measures which tended to quiet the country and heal those sectional dissensions which distract the Union" Surely when the Abolitionists have so long made Mr. Webster their polar star in all constitutional questions, and have incurred with him the accusation of tossing squibs and firebrands, and of opposing measures which tended to quiet the country and settle sectional dissensions, they had a right to expect from his friends a larger share of compassion and forbearance than they have experienced.

It would seem, sir, that, in the late treaty of peace between the North and the South, it has been agreed and understood, that every power granted by the Constitution, whereby Slavery can be protected, extended, and perpetuated, is to be actively enforced; and that every power which might be used for curtailing human bondage, however unquestionable may be its grant, shall forever remain dormant, under the penalty of an immediate dissolution of the Union. This, sir, is the treaty which our commercial cities are glorifying; this is the treaty which has turned our "winter of discontent" into "glorious summer." And think you, sir, that the slaveholders, having eyes, see not, and having understanding perceive not, the haberdashery patriotism which rejoices in such a treaty, and denounces as "fanatics," "vipers," and "wooly-headed philanthropists," all who do not confess it to be a glorious consummation? The Southern papers tell us that our Union meetings are got up to "sell a little more tape and flannel"; and they remark, "It is very queer that Union meetings are held only in places which trade with the South." Out of regard to their Southern brethren, a member of the British House of Commons was insulted in Faneuil Hall by a portion of the Boston people, and forthwith the *New Orleans Delta*, instead of gratefully acknowledging the compliment, remarks, that their "good Union-loving friends in Boston are now solacing the South with sugar-plums in the shape of resolutions and speeches, and spice in the form of a row, got up on the occasion of the first appearance of George Thompson, an imported incendiary and hireling agitator. Such manifestation possesses an advantage which, doubtless constitutes no small recommendation with our good brethren of Boston,—it is very cheap The *cottonocratical* clerks and warehousemen may raise a hubbub in Faneuil Hall, but the fanatics can slay them at the *polls*."

It is some consolation to those who are now suffering all the contempt and opprobrium which can be thrown both upon their heads and their hearts, because they have refused to follow Mr. Webster in the devious paths in which it has lately been his pleasure to walk, that they have by their constancy and firmness extorted from their Southern antagonists a tribute which is not paid to their revilers Said Mr. Stanley, of Virginia, in his speech in the House of Representatives last March, speaking of a certain class of Northern politicians,—"I would say, with a slight alteration of one of Canning's verses,

'Give me the avowed, erect, and manly foe,
Open I can meet, perhaps may turn, his blow;
But of all the plagues, great Heaven, thy wrath can send,
Save, O, save me, from *a dough-face friend!*"

* Speech, June 8, 1850.

ANOTHER FREEMAN IMPRISONED.

IF it were worth while to ask any just thing of an American Congress that which shall next be in session might be petitioned to pass an act for the recovery of freemen now forcibly restrained of their liberty in slave States, with especial reference to those who have been imprisoned for no greater crime than exercising the rights of conscience which the Constitution pretends to guaranty to the citizens of all the States There has been no time for several years past, we think, when active and patriotic United States Marshals might not have found in Southern jails some Northern citizens for whose relief such a law is necessary.

We are not at all sanguine that the monstrous fact will very speedily receive its due attention—that he who, at the North, aids the escape of a fugitive from Slavery subjects himself to fine and imprisonment, and that he is likewise imprisoned, if caught at the South, in venturing to doubt the divinity of the system that imposes upon him a duty so revolting; but we do believe that the time will come when the character of the Government that makes submission to such tyranny will be fairly weighed Such statements as that contained in the following letter which we find in 'The Pennsylvania Freeman,' must needs help to bring about that result. The 'Freeman' vouches, on personal knowledge, for the truth and respectability of the writer, and solicits funds to aid him in conducting his defence:

JONESVILLE, Lee Co. Va
February, 24, 1851

DEAR FRIENDS:—You are all probably in possession of the fact, that in April 1848, I was indicted for having publicly spoken against Slavery, and also for having circulated Anti-Slavery matter in this county But before the officers could take me, I made my escape into the North, where I remained nearly three years, away from my father, mother, brothers and sisters. In December last, I left the North and came home, where I met with a hearty reception from all, visited my friends in the neighborhood, received messages from the officers and other persons in Jonesville that I would not be interrupted, and was repeatedly invited to go to town and see my friends there

So on this (the Lord's) day, a minister preached in town, I came to hear him, and while I sat under the soothing sound of the Gospel, the officers who had promised not to molest me, were engaged in making arrangements for my arrest. As soon as service was over, two Sheriffs came into church, and with a Judas kiss, shaking hands with me, they led me out of church through the congregation and delivered me to the jailor, who immediately conducted me to the dungeon, where I am now confined and must remain (with a murderer,) until the first Monday in April next.

They will not admit me to bail unless the Judge were here. If bail would be granted, I could give it But here I am in the dungeon, and must await my fate. I am perfectly resigned. I feel no remorse and no regret for what I have done. I know not what will be the result, but I am informed that the penalty for the charges made against me is confinement in the penitentiary for not less than two nor more than five years

I am here without the necessary means to defend myself—without a lawyer in whose hands I am willing to trust my case. Will the friends of the oppressed lend me a helping hand in this trying crisis? Will any give me advice how to proceed? Will any man send me the means to meet the cost of the trial, without which I must suffer? If so, I have no way to remunerate you, except by holding you in remembrance and returning to you my heart-felt acknowledments. If you are willing to send me any money I shall get it if you send it to Geo. M. Taylor, Jonesville, Lee Co. Va.

You shall hear from me again shortly.

STEPHEN S. TAYLOR.

TROUBLE EXPECTED IN NEW BEDFORD.—The *Tribune* has the following dispatch from New Bedford, where there are said to be several hundred fugitive slaves:

We have a dispatch from New Bedford, stating that considerable excitement exists in that place in consequence of the arrival there, on Sunday morning of two gentlemen by vessels from Boston in four hours, with a statement that a steamboat, with one hundred armed men and some deputy U. S. Marshals on board, had sailed from Charleston Navy Yard on Saturday evening for New Bedford or the vicinity, for the purpose of capturing fugitive slaves. On the arrival of the two gentlemen at New Bedford at half-past 4 yesterday morning, they communicated with some leading citizens, and the bell on Liberty Hall was tolled in order to call out the citizens. A large assemblage gathered at Liberty Hall and the information was communicated to them.

A large meeting of white and colored citizens was held in the fornoon, which was addressed by Rodney French, Esq.

There are between six and seven hundred colored persons in New Bedford, many of whom are fugitives, and they are loud in their protestations that they will allow no fugitive to be carried away from New Bedford. A new Deputy U. S. Marshal has recently been appointed for New Bedford—Mr. William Russell—who is stated to have declared that he will arrest any fugitive slave at the cost of his life. It is supposed the steamer was to be employee as a prison ship, but as she had not been heard of at New Bedford at the lates moment, the whole story of her sailing and mission may prove to be a hoax. A severe storm was, however, raaging on the coast during the day which may possibly account for the non-arrival of the boat.

☞ A full report of the Philadelphia Slave Case will be found on our first page. The positions affirmed by the Court (Judge Kane) are thus summed up by *The Pennsylvanian*. They are all the Slaveholders could wish or ask for:

1. That the admissions of an alleged fugitive slave might be given in evidence by the master, if not made under such influence as would vitiate the confessions of a party accused of crime,

2; That a fugitive in the custody of a Marshal under a warrant issued at the instance of the master, is legally in the custody of the master; and that the master has the same rights therefore, as if he had taken his slave personally and without warrant.

3. That the master's rights are not suspended or modified in any degree by the fact that his fugitive slave is pregnant at the time of the arrest; and that this Court has no cognizance of the manner in which he may enforce those rights.

4 That it is *birth* which determines the domestic as well as the cival and political *status* of the individual

mission here was to sow the seeds of ruin, and to do all in his power to injure your country and the American people." [Mr. Thompson then read two ruffianly extracts, one from the *Lawrence Sentinel*, and the other from the *Rochester Advertiser*.] "Now, (said Mr. T.) you shall judge for yourselves. For twenty-five years I have devoted my energies to the human race. Instead of being a hireling, I have labored for nothing, and have never received for my labors anything to make me richer than I was when I entered the list, to do battle for human rights. This day God bear me witness with the wife of my bosom and my five little ones, I am as poor as when a young man. I issued from my father's house, without wealth or rank, to take my place upon the active stage of life. Yet when denying myself the companionship of those I love, I come to this land to speak for the common cause of all men, the rights of life and liberty, dastard editors and hireling scribblers, who can only, like serpents, be traced by the slime they leave, blacken me without stint or measure, creep away to their dark rooms, and concoct lies and foul slanders upon an innocent man. But misguided men may mob him, and perchance the dagger of the assassin reach his heart. But I am 'a foreigner!' O that is it, indeed—a foreigner—so are your missionaries in the lands where you have sent them. In all that makes a man a true American, I am an American, for to be a true American is not simply having been born here. Is it American to hate tyranny and battle against all oppression? Then I am one, for my life has been devoted to this service. Is it American to wish well to your country, and that she should be more, and never less free, than now? then I am an American. Is it American to subscribe to the doctrine of the perfect equality of the human race? then I am an American. Is it American to preach against the union of Church and State? then am I an American, for I have preached that doctrine to the mitred bishop and proud priest beneath the ivy-mounted walls of old cathedrals! Is it American to prefer the poor man to the rich?—the fustian to the broadcloth? then I am an American, for I come from the *people*! I have labored for the *people*, and living or dying, I am the friend and advocate of the *people*! Have I attacked the franchise? No! I plead in my own country for its exemption to all. The right of trial by jury? Never! I claim it as the right of all, not excepting, by any means, the slave. Have I attacked any truly American institution—anything of which Washington, Jefferson or Franklin approved? No! you know I have not. It is because I advocate the right of all men to freedom that the slaveholding tyrants of the North and South must hunt me down! But to me it is, after all, of little moment what is said; but to you it is of vast moment. Keep still, endorse these papers, and screen these editors from the scorn and contempt they deserve at your hand—let the monster mob set him upon me and my friends, and let him tear me in pieces, let him taste blood, and he will turn in good time and glut himself upon you!

"But I go to Rochester, and test this question of my right to speak, and the good people of that city shall say whether the *Advertiser* or God shall rule! I go to Rochester with an unshaken trust in God, and without the least bodily fear. I know in whom I have believed, and that he can guard me and shield me from the curses of hireling scribblers and leprous politicians. I go to Rochester to see if there be not more than seven thousand men and women who have not bowed the knee to Baal!

"Is it not, my friends, rather an ungenerous reception from a democratic people, when I have spent my life neglected my private interests, turned my back on fortune, for the sake of pure democracy, and preached and even practised its doctrines, that I should be slandered and maligned by those who call themselves democrats, and friends of equal rights!

"There are in Syracuse many Englishmen; let one stand forth and prove that I have ever neglected to plead the cause of the injured poor in my own country: let any Irishman (for those hireling dogs of the press tell the Irish that I am the enemy of their country,) let any Irishman stand forth ... deserted his country's interests. On the contrary, I have been the friend and defender of Ireland when her own sons have basely deserted her on the floor of the British House of Commons! I have ever loved and defended Ireland, and will continue to do so, though misguided Irishmen continue to hate and mob me.

"No, friends! let us look each other in the face, let us speak kindly one to another—let us together wash our hands of this iniquity of Slavery, which curses and blights your beautiful land—let us here pledge ourselves never to put off our armor, or quit the field, till the Genius of American Liberty is loosed from her pinion, and, mounting her chariot, shall compass the world! crushing despotisms and tyranny of every name beneath her rolling wheels! and the wide world join in one anthem of praise to that God who loveth all, and who hath given this beautiful creation of his hands that men may dwell therein, loving and blessing one another"

This splendid speech, of which I have given but a faint outline, was received by the audience with unmingled delight

The meeting adjourned till afternoon.

At the commencement of the afternoon session, Mr. Foster called on the D. D's to come forward, if there were any, and enlighten the Abolitionists, who, they say, are "all wrong," and made one of his earnest speeches on the occasion.

Mr. Green, of Rensselaer county, made some humorous remarks upon the wresting of the scriptures to sustain Slavery.

Mr. W. H. Burleigh then made a short but powerful speech upon the Fugitive Slave Law, and its tendency to bring all law into contempt. The audience gave his remarks a hearty response. He advocated the utmost contempt and resistance of the law, and said with Patrick Henry, "If this be treason," Daniel Webster, Millard Fillmore, "make the most of it!" The sentiment was received with acclamation by the overflowing audience.

Mr. Thompson then took the stand, and spoke about an hour and a half in relation to the scenes which he witnessed on his arrival in this country. He spoke of the change sometimes made, that there are slaves in England: "Slaves in England?" said he, "I deny it. We have poverty there, and oppression, but from the military commander to the monarch, through all and every grade of society, no man can be found who can take a child from its mother and sell it into Slavery.—There is oppression in England. I have done and shall continue to do all in my power for its removal; but I came over the waters some four months since to a boasted land of liberty. My first day in Boston was the Sabbath, and the men hunters, backed by all the military and naval power of the American nation, were hunting for two poor trembling fugitives from Slavery. I saw the people go up to worship in their proud temples, and, guided by that man who first waked a nation to a sense of its guilt, I passed through the deserted streets to the covert of these hunted children of God. I am proud to say that to me an Englishman, they opened the door. I gave them the hand of an Englishman—I took them to the heart of an Englishman—I sent them to the Englishman's home; and they are safe at this hour beneath the sceptre of a monarch! (Tremendous applause.) What say you Americans, to things like these? Are you true to your destiny, true to the memory of your fathers, true to humanity and to God, when you suffer such things to be done above the graves of your patriots, and in the name of Freedom?

"I loved Boston, because it was there that the first successful resistance was made to British tyranny, and there the first blood of the Revolution shed—and that the blood of a colored man! My next experience of Boston was the scene in Faneuil Hall, where 3500 persons, tax-payers and their families, were assembled, to hold a peaceable meeting; and I saw that meeting broken up by a couple of hundred rowdy boys and men, and the police standing by indifferent to the spectacle; and, as it afterwards appeared, under the express orders of the Mayor, not to interfere unless property or life were in danger!

"Then look at the scenes which have been enacted at the South—the unspeakable insult and wrong which have been perpetrated upon white citizens of the North, innocent of all crime! One man seized and incarcerated, his trunk broken open, and even his long stockings and pieces of toilet soap made to bear suspiciously upon him, and the private correspondence of his wife and daughter made the subject of rude examination in open court. Another inoffensive man seized and robbed of his luggage, all he posessed in the world, and finally tarred and feathered—for no crime whatever! Look! Americans, at your country, and blush for your meanness and supineness! Once, it were enough for a Roman to say, 'I am a Roman citizen.' Try it, free sons of New England, and see if your being Americans will save you from tar and feathers, or the whip and branding iron, at the South, if you dare utter a word of disapprobation of that system of Slavery which disgraces every man and woman in America, and which robs them of both money and honor in its career over the neck of the people.

"Then comes the case of Henry Long. O, if there was ever a scene on earth over which the dark demon of the bottomless pit might hover and preside, it was when that poor fugitive, guilty of no crime but claiming to own himself, was set on trial in the court room in the city of New York. Honor to that grandson of John Jay and his noble compeer, who at that hour stepped forth to defend the defenceless man. That defence was, as you know, of no avail. The Union Committe had hired the highest legal talent of the city to crush the last hope of that poor wretch. There he stood, one poor, friendless man, with twenty millions against him. Is it any wonder that he was thus given up to the Slave Power! But let that lawyer's name be accursed! Let the name of GEORGE WOOD become infamous, and, with the names of the Committee of Oppression, 'fester through the infamy of years!'

"But the great and final struggle of the Slave Power and the power of Liberty in this land is at hand.—The battle is set in array. Perhaps—though God forbid it!—perhaps the oppressor will carry the matter to the extent of bloodshed; and my friends, when the sons of New England, and the sons of New York and the free States, take down the old muskets and swords of their sires, will they not pause and think if those sires would use them in a war waged for Slavery, and in which brother was set against brother? They will put up the weapons, and refuse to fight for Slavery. If they did not, the shades of their fathers would rebuke them."

—I must pass over many interesting remarks both of Mr. Thompson and others, for I have not time, nor can you spare room for all.

In the evening, Mr. Douglass took the stand, evidently somewhat depressed at the thought of that collision which seems to be approaching. Not depressed at the thought of suffering, for he expressed his willingness to die for the cause of the oppressed. He remarked that all eyes were turned towards Boston and he trusted that when Court Square was filled with the soldiers of the tyrant, Boston might not fail in her duty. He made an eloquent speech upon the oppression of the Slave Power, and the tearful eyes in every direction told how deep was the chord he touched. I took full notes of his remarks, but must omit them, and many other things, for want of space.

When Mr. Douglass had concluded, Mr. Thompson sprang to his feet, and rebuked the want of faith of his brother Douglass. He sketched with vivid words the progress of the cause since, in Boston, a handful of men and women first uttered the truth upon the matter of Slavery. "Then," said he, "we could not get the demon into court and make him plead. The Slave Power of the South and its haughty allies of the North did not deign to make answer to an indictment. But look now! He has long been in court; we have made him hold up his head and plead to the charge of soul murder, and the Websters, the Clays, the Footes, the Dickinsons, the Fillmores, Crittenden ... counsel. Now make we inquisition for blood, and not in vain [illegible] in the crisis which is at hand. Now is a nation awakened. Now we meet the devil, Slavery, up, and full girded for the fight. Give Fillmore the infantry, the artillery and the naval power; give me the living voice, and I want no other weapon, for with it I can reach the warm heart of humanity, and drown out the warlike armament with tears of mercy. Ay, by talking we will do it! Luther talked, and as his spirit went up to heaven, he looked down on revolutionized Europe. We have tried it in England, and against the power of wealth, and the opposition of politicians. We have talked off the chains from eight hundred thousand slaves! We said that God had given every green limb of the field to be bread for man, and against the interest of the rich aristocracy of Great Britain, the poor man today buys his bread in the market of the world!"

This thrilling speech drew down the most intense applause from the audience, which was so large that evely inch of the aisles, floor and window sills was occupied, and presented a mass of living beings.

The Convention adjourned, about 10 o'clock, till the next morning.

I must pass over the interesting exercises of the forenoon, to speak of the afternoon session. Mr. Thompson took the floor soon after the commencement of the session, and devoted the time to analyzing Mr. Clay's Colonization scheme, much to the satisfaction and amusement of his hearers. As this speech will probably be published entire, I will not now stop to speak of it.

At the close of the speech of Mr. Thompson, five fugitives, just arrived from the slave land, were put upon the stand; and then came a scene such as angels might, and doubtless did, gladly witness. There they stood, fresh from the manacles, just out from the hell of Slavery, in the first meeting of freemen they ever witnessed. And there, confronting them, were the beautiful women and maidens, and the stern-hearted freemen of Syracuse. Tears stood in many eyes, and the compressed lip, the eye of fire, and the death-like silence, told that here the spirit of Liberty was fully roused, and the deep foundations of Humanity broken up. Then Samuel J. May, in a calm and solemn voice, said—"Men, matrons, and maidens of Syracuse! You see these victims of tyranny before you, and one of them a woman. Say, now, shall these fugitives be taken from Syracuse? I call on you to answer." "NAY!" came up in one voice, the voice of a thousand people.

Mr. May put another question—"Citizens of Syracuse, will you defend with your lives, if need be, these defenceless and hunted children of God?" "AYE!" came, that voice of the multitude, like a peal of thunder, and it made the very wall quiver. Such a scene few ever witnessed. O, Webster, Fillmore, Dewey, Sharp & Co., you should have looked in then, and seen in full play the latent energies of that love of freedom which lies so deep in every human breast, but which tyranny can at last cause to destroy both tyrant and his fetters in its consuming fire.

Mr. May then asked if any body would furnish these fugitives with employment, and in fifteen minutes they were all comfortably provided for. Though it is a penal offence for any man to harbor a fugitive, as you know, yet the names of their employers were promptly given; and if Mr. Fillmore comes or sends his Marshal, they will probably find the kettle on, and every thing hot and comfortable for them.

The evening session was marked by the greatest enthusiasm. S. S. Foster made a capital speech, and was followed by Mr. Thompson, in one of his best speeches. Several resolutions, of a most determined and radical character, were passed.

Mr. Wheaton, one of the Vice Presidents, sang in fine style some thrilling songs of freedom; a resolution complimentary to the Mayor of Syracuse, who, in the matter of free discussion, has taken a noble part, was passed by acclamation; and at 10 o'clock were closed a series of the most intensely interesting meetings ever held upon the subject of freedom in this country.

Yours, G. W. P.

LETTER FROM REV. SUMNER LINCOLN.

FRIEND GAY:—Who most honors the memory of those distinguished men who framed the Constitution of the United States or the men who adopted it? They who so construe every article of the Constitution as to make the same harmonise with its expressed design and the Declaration of American Independence, or those who give it an opposite construction? The first give it a construction in accordance with all human rights, justice and liberty; the other give it a construction which makes it sanction the worst kind and the greatest degree of oppression and injustice. In the Preamble to the Constitution, in which the design of that instrument is set forth, the idea of Slavery is not merely not expressed, but the great idea which is the exact opposite. "To form a more perfect union, to establish justice, to insure domestic tranquility, to provide for the common defence, to promote the general welfare and secure the blessings of liberty," is the avowed design of the Constitution of the United States.

Now, if the framers of that instrument were ashamed to insert Slavery as one of its leading objects in its expressed design, shall we honor them by ascribing to them that meaning only which their words express, or by ascribing to them also a meaning the exact opposite of that expressed? Were they true men on paper or hypocrites? My impression is, that in framing the Constitution, they meant to be true to their principles professed in the Revolution, and to found a Government based on the inalienable rights of humanity; leaving the existing Slavery to die out under the influence of the spirit of Liberty that was then so warm and powerful in many hearts. The language which has been construed as having reference to slaves does not naturally and legitimately describe them. The article respecting persons "held to service or labor," does not describe a slave. It naturally refers to a class of persons who have made a legal contract and who flee into another State before fulfilling the conditions of it: persons held to service not servitude. In the supposed reference to slaves in the matter of representation and direct taxes, the language is such as allows persons after reckoning up "all the free persons and persons bound to service for a term of years, and excluding Indians not taxed," to look still further, and if they can find any other persons, to reckon five as equal to three of those already found. So in the article on the subject of importing persons, they are described as persons, not as slaves. Now these references, if construed as including slaves, give no sanction to Slavery.

But supposing there is an article in the Constitution that sanctions Slavery, what then? Have not we a constitutional right and a moral right, both, to seek its removal? Why is every man branded as an anarchist who professes to regard some articles of the Constitution as pro-slavery, and who seeks in all peaceful ways for their removal and all pursuant pro-slavery laws? Is it so completely the object of our National Government to uphold Slavery that no person can oppose it without exposing himself to the charge of being an anarchist and a disunionist? The framers of the Constitution did not regard that instrument as so perfect as to admit of no possible change for the better. This is evident from the fact that they inserted a provision for its amendment. And in accordance with that provision it has already been amended at least three different times; and the propositions for these amendments were made in each case by members of Congress. Did they violate their oaths of office, swearing to support the Constitution, in so doing? If not would the present members of Congress violate their oaths of office if they should propose an amendment to any provision that they regarded as inconsistent with the Higher Law of God? A member of Congress is just as much bound by his oath of office to seek the removal of any constitutional provision which he regards as conflicting with God's Law, as to support those provisions which he regards as right. The doctrine now so extensively taught of blind unreasoning obedience to all laws of civil government is not the doctrine of those who framed the Constitution of the United States, not the doctrine that does honor to the memory ... they the enemies of religion, law and order, because they would not quietly submit to laws they deemed unjust and oppressive, but sought, through discussion and petition, their repeal? If not, are their descendants who, by the same means, seek to accomplish the same end the enemies of all good? The practical enemies of religion and of government are not those who seek to free the same from all their corruptions and perversions, but they who plead with the world to let them alone. While it remains true that "righteousness exalteth a nation, and sin is a reproach to any people," the true friends of God and man are those who seek the promotion of moral purity and the removal of all iniquity.

Yours, truly,

SUMNER LINCOLN.

ERRATA.—In my communcation of the 25th of February published in your paper, March 6th, the word "simple" is printed instead of *sinful*, and "your" for *you*.

The sentence corrected would read thus:—"If he should prescribe any sinful condition on which he proposed to sell you meat," &c.

Foreign Correspondence.

From our Dublin Correspondent.

LIVERPOOL, February 20, 1851.

MY DEAR GAY: As our friend H. C. W. might say, if he were about to write to you from this spot, I am on board the steamship Trafalgar, bound for Dublin. We are waiting for the tide to lift us over the bar, and, as I am no Job, and hate to be kept waiting, it occured to me that I might preserve my soul in patience if I were fairly embarked in a letter to you. I have now been nearly a fortnight from home. As the session of Parliament has just commenced, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer was expected to have more money in his coffers than was actually required for the expenses of the State, every "interest" was on the alert to obtain a remission of its own particular burdens. You hear a great deal of the oppression under which Ireland groans—the tyranny of England—our haughty aristocracy, and so forth. It is true that great misery and degradation prevail in Ireland, as a result of part misgovernment and the impossibility of applying any sudden cure to social evils of long standing. If Garrison had his wish to-morrow, and Slavery were immediately abolished, the heart-burnings and hatred engendered by such a terrible system could not be expected to disappear without leaving some traces of their existence. The enfranchised race must still remain poor and prostrate, and, with the best instruction, it would still take a long time to elevate them. I do not forget that the British West Indian experiment has proved a perfectly peaceful one; and I know that the African race are naturally more disposed to mildness and more easily conciliated than we of the swaggering Anglo Saxon family. But I meant to say that, as matters stand, Ireland is very lightly taxed. We pay hardly any direct taxes for the support of the Government. We have no dog tax, no horse tax, no window tax, no soap tax, no carriage tax, and are free from a wilderness of taxes to which much-enduring John Bull is subjected. Still, as we pay our share of the impost duties and of the revenue obtained by the excise taxes on the manufacture of paper and strong drink, the paper makers, merchants and traders of Dublin made up their minds that they would make an effort to shake off the paper duty, producing a revenue of about £800,000, on the plea that a stimulus would be given to employment, not only by the increased manufacture of paper, but of many articles in which paper is an important ingredient. When Sir Robert Peel took the duty off glass, a prodigious stimulus was given in this way, and the Crystal Palace, as every body knows, was one of the results. Among other means adopted was to send a deputation to London to call upon members of Parliament, and co-operate with an English association that had the same object in view. I was one of the number, and this was the occasion of my leaving home.

On the evening of my arrival *in town*, my colleagues not having yet appeared, I set off to see the Crystal Palace, and was greatly astonished by its vast extent and the beauty of its appearance. As the workman are still engaged in its completion, there was "no admission except on business," and I had no business to plead. A friend who saw the interior for the short time it was open to the public told me the two thousand workmen looked like a few flies thinly scattered over the walls of a large apartment. During the week of my stay, I was kept very busily employed the greater part of each day, and had no time for sight seeing. However, it was a curious experience to be going round from one M. P. to another, requesting his co-operation and advice. The most remarkable person of these was Richard Cobden, the renowned Apostle of Free Trade. He declared he was entirely in favor of the object we had in view, and that the only advice he could give us was to "call upon members of Parliament and persecute the Chancellor of the Exchequer." Accordingly, we held committees, convened meetings, held consultations, called on members of Parliament, and persecuted the Chancellor of the Exchequer to the best of our humble ability. But, as far as at present appears, we might as well have remained at home, for the Chancellor "left us out of his Budget," and we must only live on in hope of better days. Nearly every one who had paid much attention to the subject was of opinion that it is one of those taxes that cannot exist much longer. Still it is a strange anomaly that the government which pays £200,000 for the education of a people (so large a portion of which is lamentably ignorant) should levy a tax of four times the amount upon paper.

Among other friends I saw in London was Mrs. Follen, who is pleasantly settled in one of the most agreeable neighborhoods of that great city. Her health has been delicate, but she is indefatigable in her efforts on behalf of the Anti-Slavery cause, and, from the number of influential and intelligent persons with whom she comes in contact, I have no doubt she is a most efficient disseminator of correct views on this subject. Such persons are very badly wanted in Great Britain; for I need not tell you that the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society is worse than nothing. It is an obstructive and Pro-Slavery and not an Anti-Slavery Society. If any earnest friend of the cause comes to England, he is sure to be discountenanced by them. Their Secretary, John Scoble, hates the American Anti-Slavery Society, and loses no opportunity of damaging its influence. He is the editor of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Reporter, and a very stupid periodical he makes of it. Its sympathy is chiefly directed to the liberated West Indian negroes and not to the millions of American slaves. Wherever the influence of this paper extends, Anti-Slavery feeling is dead. The members of the Society pay their subscriptions, and that is all. The money goes to publish the Reporter and pay the London staff of the Society, and this is the beginning and the end of their Anti-Slavery. Their annual meetings became so shockingly stupid that they have been at last given up; and I have been told that the last was held not in Exeter Hall, but in a small room in a private house in Bishopsgate Street. This I heard from a most zealous and indefatigable friend of the cause, who expressed deep humiliation at this miserable exhibition of "British Abolitionism."

Several most interesting meetings have been recently held in Edinburgh and many of the principal towns in Scotland, by W. Wells Brown, accompanied by the noble William and Ellen Craft. These meetings have been attended by enthusiastic multitudes, and have produced a profound effect. Yet not one of these was noticed by the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Reporter, which noticed with respect a meeting on the Spanish and Brazilian treaties, at which Dr Pennington and the *infamous* Dr. Candlish were the great guns. You remember Candlish was one of the three Presbyterian Popes whom H. C. Wright entreated in vain to "send back the money." Nobody who comes in the name of the American Anti-Slavery Society, or ... by its prominent members, can hope for countenance or assistance from the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, which, as a long existent body, has a powerful obstructive influence, particularly among the Quakers, who are its chief members and most bountiful supporters. As matters stand it would be better for the slave if this Society were actually as well as virtually extinct. And if Mr Scoble, who, I believe, is or has been an Independent minister, were provided with a congregation, and the minor officials with profitable situations, the death of the Reporter would be no loss to any one but the printer, and the Anti-Slavery cause in England would have a fair field and no favor. As matters now stand, it would be much the better if its official friends were out of the way; for when a true Abolitionist comes to England and commences his labor, their coldness and secret hostility are the chief difficulties he has to apprehend.

I took Bristol on my way home, for the purpose of visiting some Anti-Slavery friends there—than whom there are none more intelligent, zealous and indefatigable in the three kingdoms. By these the American Abolitionists are known, appreciated and defended. Every phase of American Slavery, and of the efforts of its opponents, is familiar to them, and they lose no opportunity of promoting the cause by every means in their power. I cannot say that my "face" has been "sharpened" by my visit to Bristol; this would be a difficult job; but I feel exceedingly refreshed and invigorated in my Anti-Slavery zeal by each succeeding visit to my valued friends in that ancient city. I was told this day, by some Abolitionists in Manchester, that Henry Box Brown is doing well in Bristol! He has got an Anti-Slavery Panorama and his famous box along with him. It would be to be regretted if one who has given such wondrous proof of his love of liberty should not meet a worthy reception in England; and I hope that he, and all like him, who come to this country, may do credit to their race and to the cause they are identified with.

Just before I left Dublin, I was present at an Anti-Slavery meeting, at which the Rev. Henry Higland Garnet made his appearance. You know him as a Liberty Party man, and a bitter enemy of the American Anti-Slavery Society in general, and of Frederick Douglass in particular. On general Anti-Slavery matters he spoke very well, and the meeting was well attended. He after held a large meeting for the purpose of recommending the Free Labor Produce Panacea. This he recommends every where by request of an indefatigable lady in the North of England, who has the utmost faith in this nostrum, and has invited him over from the United States to be its apostle. In my opinion, it is only a quack medicine—utterly inefficient to meet the evil, and calculated to turn the attention of well-intentioned people from the true remedy—the promulgation of purer principles and a noble morality. One man like Douglass is worth a hundred such priests as Garnet.

Yours ever,

RICHARD D. WEBB.

Miscellaneous News.

—THERE are in the State of Indiana 175,017 persons over 21 years of age, who cannot read or write.

—THE negro Harris charged with assisting Chaplin in the abduction of the slaves belonging to Messrs. Toombs and Stevens, has been found guilty by the Criminal Court of Washington. The penalty is $200 fine and costs.

—THE fugitive "Shadrach" * * * * shakes off the iron grip of the law with much greater ease and good fortune than his unlucky Scriptural namesake of the lion's den.—*Hartford Times.*

"The *Times* is out of joint." Shadrach's "Scriptural namesake," as every school-boy knows, had nothing to do with the "lion's den;" but, like the modern Shadrach, escaped from the fiery furnace, with not so much as the smell of smoke on his garments.—*Bradford (Vt. Gazette.*

—ANOTHER FUGITIVE REMANDED TO LABOR.—PITTSBURG, March 13.—The first arrest in Beaver county, under the Fugitive Slave Law, was one made yesterday, in Bridgewater. The fugitive was Richard Gardiner, who was claimed as the property of Miss. R. Byers, of Louisville, Ky. He was taken to-day before Judge Irwin, of the United States District Court, Western District of Pennsylvania, sitting in this city. The case was ably argued by counsel on both sides, when the Judge remanded the fugitive back to his owner. The affair was attended with little or no excitement.

—KIDNAPPING.—The Wilmington (Del.) Journal says, kidnapping is of more frequent occurrence in that city and county than is generally imagined. It says that on Wednesday night last a negro was kidnapped in Wilmington in the most flagrant manner, and that the person committing the outrage formerly belonged to the city watch.

—DISTRESSING CASE.—SUPPOSED KIDNAPPING.—A colored woman named Alice Hunter, a widow, living within a mile and a half of Haddonfield, N. J. left her house on the 23d of February last, to bury her father in Berks County, in this State. She left in charge of a colored woman, by the name of Jones, her two children, one named Hannah, eight years of age, and the other named Oliver, six years old, until she should come back. About a week ago she returned, and to her surprise and great agony, found her house entirely deserted. Since then she has heard nothing satisfactorily of the woman or her children. The unfortunate mother is suffering the greatest anguish of mind, with misgivings that they have been kidnapped and are now in Slavery.—Phil. Ledger.

—A NEGRO in Paulding, Mississippi, having committed an outrage upon the person of a white lady, and afterwards murdered her and her son, the citizens turned out *en masse* and arresting the negro burned him alive.

—THE FUGITIVE SLAVE CASE.—In our columns this morning, will be found a full report of the exciting Fugitive Slave Case, which was disposed of before Judge Irwin, yesterday. We think it will strike every mind that a man—a minister of the Gospel, as this poor fellow Gardiner's license shows him to have been—may be identified as the property of a claimant, on evidence less clear than in the case of a sheep, a hog, a horse, a cow, or any dumb brute, claimed as the property of Miss Rhoda Byers, or anybody else. It will also be apparent that a very "black" man cannot have been correctly described as 'light' colored—but we do not gainsay that Judge Irwin decided fairly and correctly, under the 'Fugitive Law'—with that we quarrel, not with him. Let the people see these things as they operate in cases brought home—that the mistakes as to color—as to the number of years the slave had been absent—are considered 'unimportant' on the claimant's side, while the poor defendant must make all clear as a sunbeam, and straight as a plumb line, to secure acquittal of the charge of being the legal flesh and blood of a slaveholder. The old rule of construing 'in favor of human liberty, is thus 'entirely reversed.' We were pleased with the indignation manifested yesterday, but while men acquiesce in such a law—nay, advocate its infamous provisions—it is idle to get up a horror for the occasion, and then let the law stand unrepealed, and support those who passed and 'approved' it.—Pittsburgh Despatch, 14th.

—THE charge against Mr. Collins, Mr. Wetmore and the House of Brown, Brothers, &c., for contributing money to the Castle Garden Fund, is no "coinage." We charge distinctly that Messrs. Collins, Leup, Ketchum and Lathrop have been raising a Fund to Hunkerise this State; that portions of this Fund have been devoted to the publication of political sermons, and to the support of newspapers in Albany and Syracuse. We charge also that one of the avowed objects is to "kill Sewardism and put down the *Evening Journal*" —*Albany Evening Journal.*

—A NEW SCHEME.—A Washington correspondent of the *Evening Post* says that the rumor is that the five or six hundred laborers for the Panama and Atlantic Railway, raised by Col. E. D. Baker, and now employed on the route of the Railroad, are in reality an organized band of propagandists of Anglo-Saxon republicanism. The designs attributed to these men embrace the project of appropriating the country, after the conclusion of their engagements with the Railroad Company, and the erection of a new Government on the latest and most approved principles.

—IOWA—FREE NEGROES AND FREE JOKERS.—It has been chronicled that the Iowa Legislature has passed a bill prohibiting free negroes coming into that State under severe penalties; but the *Burlington Hawkeye* gives an account of a successful piece of waggery in connection with its perfection, that will probably make it a nullity. A Whig member proposed as an amendment that the law should take effect from and after its publication in the *Iowa Free Democrat*, an abolition paper, and the majority of both Houses adopted it without apparently perceiving the power it gave the editor, by refusing to print the bill, to completely veto it. Such, it is presumed, will be the course he will adopt, for the law is utterly repugnant to the principles of himself and his party.

—UNION MEETING AT CAZENOVIA.—*Utica*, Feb. 17, 1851.—The citizens of Cazenovia have had a meeting at which they repudiated Gerrit Smith and his followers, requesting them not to hold any more of their infamous meetings in that place. Strong Union resolutions were passed.

This ridiculous fabrication is probably the work of the "Reporter" who last Summer sent to Utica and New York journals marvellous reports of a Fugitive Slave Convention located and held here by non-residents. A conspicuous portion of those "reports" were in the happiest vein of old John Mandeville, the great exemplar and benignant patron saint of ambitious liars. The inditon of the reports was promptly reduced and the matter ended.

Then soon after came a statement in the *New York Herald* that fifteen hundred fugitive slaves were harbored in this neighborhood. This assertion consisted of one equivalent of truth to fifty of falsehood. The story, however, had a purpose and was not without its effect. As to the last coinage, it is all stuff. The meeting and its alleged proceedings are sheer fables. Beside no such monstrous resolutions can be got through any public meeting controlled by our citizens.—Madison Co. Whig.

—FREE SUFFRAGE.—A bill has been submitted to the Legislature for submitting the question of Free Suffrage to the People. The question has been submitted once, and a large majority of the votes cast on that question were in favor of the privilege. We wish some one would test the matter in the Supreme Court. We contend that the vote already cast is sufficient, and that Negroes, according to law, are entitled to vote. It is folly to submit the same question again, without a decision. And if the decision be against the privilege, then the Constitution must be amended.—Oshkosh (Wis.) Democrat.

DEATHS.

BOURNE.—In this city, on Sunday morning 16th inst., Mary, widow of the late Rev. Geo. Bourne, in the 71st year of her age.

CRAWFORD.—At West Camp, Ulster county, 7th inst. Rev. John Crawford, in the 91st year of his age. This venerable man entered the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1789, and at the time of his death, was the oldest Methodist clergyman in America.

BROOKE.—At Fredericksburg, Vt., Judge Brooke, formerly aid-de-camp to Gen. Washington, aged 89.

SHAW.—At the Novitiate, Frederick, Md., March 10, Rev. J. Coolidge Shaw, son of Robert G. Shaw, Esq., of Boston, 30.

BAILLIE.—At Hampstead, England, Feb. 23d, Joanna Baillie, the poetess, 89.

WISEMAN.—In Dublin, Mrs. Xaveria Wiseman, mother of Cardinal Wiseman.

MCDUFFIE.—At Camden, S. C., on the 11th inst. Gen. George McDuffie.

PARKER.—In Philadelphia, Mrs. Eliza Parker, widow of the late Henry Parker, aged 60.

FUSSELL.—At the residence of her daughter, the late Esther Lewis, in West Vincent, Chester Co. Pa. on the 4th inst., Rebecca Fussell, widow of Bartholomew Fussell, deceased, aged 99 years and nearly 5 months.

NEEDLES.—On the 5th of Third month, at the residence of his son, Edward P. Needles, Chester county (Pa.), Edward Needles, Sen., in the 93th year of his age. In this death, a good and useful man and a true philanthropist has been called from among us to the purer and freer life. For nearly three score years and ten, he has worthily filled all the relations of a responsible and active life, and won for himself the confidence and esteem of the public and the love and reverence of those who best knew his virtues. His intelligence and cheerfulness as a companion, his warmth and generosity as a friend, his industry and energy and practical tact, directed by genuine benevolence and love for justice, were all made serviceable to humane and christian reforms. He had long and faithfully labored for the cause of the Slave and the injured colored man, and for several years had been the President of the Old Pennsylvania Abolition Society, filling with honor the Chair before occupied by Franklin, and Rush, and Rawle, and Parrish. The love and reverence of the good and the blessing of the poor will be his epitaph.—*Pa. Freeman.*

Notice.

MR. JEREMIAH W. MYRES, of St. Catherines, Canada West, has been duly appointed a Traveling Financial Agent of the New York State Vigilance Committee. Mr. Myres comes to the Committee highly recommended from Clergymen and Laymen well known to us, which has secured for him the confidence and respect of the Committee. He has already entered upon the duties of his Agency. We commend him to the friends of the fleeing fugitive, and ask their co-operation and aid. WM. HARNED, Treasurer.

CHARLES B. RAY, Corresponding Secretary.

New York, March 20, 1851.

Cincinnati A. S. Convention.

THE Anti-Slavery Sewing Circle of Cincinnati, earnestly invite all who advocate the doctrine that slaveholding is a violation of God's law, and a cruel wrong to man, and therefore, that Slavery ought to be immediately abolished, to meet in Convention in the City of Cincinnati, on the 14th, 15th, 16th, and 17th days of April next, (1851,) to take into consideration the present and prospective condition of the Anti-Slavery cause, and to counsel together on one common platform, in respect to the evils to be opposed, the difficulties to be surmounted, and the proper means and measures for maintaining and sustaining their principles practically and thoroughly.

There has never been a moment when Christian philanthropists could have been justified in relaxing their vigilance in the cause of human freedom. But at no period of the Anti-Slavery enterprise, has there been a greater demand for their watchfulness, and their earnest, energetic, bold and persevering exertions than at this time, when the mightiest powers of the civil government are yet more strenghtened for the support of Slavery by the aid of the highest talents and the combined influence of the American Church.

It is painful to reflect upon the fact that after eighteen hundred years of the promulgation of the gospel of Jesus Christ who came to preach deliverace to the captive, and whose very title of Redeemer is a standing condemnation of Slavery, the first principles of Christianity should be so little understood and felt, that three millions of the human family are now held in the most abject servitude under the laws and institutions of a Government whose Constitution allows more freedom of conscience than any other upon earth, and with the sanction of a Church that glories in its independence of the civil power. It is distressing beyond measure to see great Statesmen and learned Doctors of Divinity putting forth all the strength and power of their mighty intellects to dry up the fountains of human sympathy, and deliver the poor, panting fugitive to the tender mercies of the despot who claims him for his slave.

In the mortification and distress of our hearts, in view of this unhallowed combination, we call upon the friends of humanity to rally in defence of all that is right and true in the principles of civil and divine law. Let no slight consideration, beloved friends, prevent your attendance. The cries of humanity, the voice of your brother's blood; and the claims of Christianity, call upon you to make every sacrifice needful to accomplish the great object which you profess to have near your hearts, and to do all you can to deliver them who are bound out of the hands of the spoiler.

The weapons of our warfare not being carnal, but mighty, through God, to the pulling down of strong holds, we may with certainty calculate upon a glorious triumph, if we battle together in the unity of the Spirit and the bonds of peace, wielding with boldness the word of the Spirit, which is the word of God.

For Christ and Humanity,

SARAH H. ERNST, President.

M. M. GUILD, Secretary.

Cincinnati, O., Feb. 12, 1851.

Liberty Bell for 1851.

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The work is being published in Semi-monthly Numbers, of 64 pages each, exclusive of the Steel engravings, and, when not taken in connection with the Reviews or Blackwood, is sold at 25 Cents each, or $5 for the entire work in numbers, of which there will be at least twenty-two:

The British Periodicals Re-published are as follows, viz.:

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW (Conservative),
THE EDINGBURG REVIEW (Whig),
THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW (Free-Church),
THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW (Liberal), and
BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE (Tory)

Although these works are distinguished by the political shades above indicated, yet but a small portion of their contents is devoted to political subjects. It is their *literary* character which gives them their chief value, and in that they stand confessedly far above all other journals of their class. *Blackwood*, still under the masterly guid

Miscellany.

The Author of "Pendennis"
REVIEWING HIS REVIEWER.

We have not yet had an opportunity (*says The Literary World*) to give our readers an account of Mr. Thackeray's recent Christmas story, *The Kickleburys on the Rhine*, that book not having yet been republished here, and no English copy being purchasable at the bookstores. The following exhibition of literary fencing, however, will sufficiently indicate by itself the position of parties. Mr. Thackeray writes a Christmas book, is reviewed in "the Thunderer," the *Times* newspaper, and under the advantageous cover of a preface to a second edition, thus replies. We republish the entire preface, review and all, as the most piquant literary entertainment of the day:

"Any reader who may have a fancy to purchase a copy of this present second edition of the *History of the Kickleburys abroad*, had best be warned in time, that the *Times* newspaper does not approve of the work, and has but a bad opinion both of the author and his readers. Nothing can be fairer than this statement: if you happen to take up the poor little volume at a railroad station and read this sentence, lay the book down and buy something else. You are warned. What more can the author say? If after this you *will* buy—amen! Pay your money, take your book, and fall to. Between ourselves, honest reader, it is no very strong potation which the present purveyor offers to you. It will not trouble your head much in the drinking. It was intended for that sort of negus which is offered at Christmas parties, and of which ladies and children may partake with refreshment and cheerfulness. Last year I tried a brew which was old, bitter, and strong; and scarce any one would drink it. This year we send round a milder tap, and it is liked by customers: though the critics (who like strong ale, the rogues!) turn up their noses. In heaven's name, Mr. Smith, serve round the liquor to the gentlefolks. Pray, dear madam, another glass; it is Christmas time, it will do you no harm. It is not intended to keep long, this sort of drink. (Come, froth up, Mr. Publisher, and pass quickly round!) And, as for the professional gentlemen, we must get a stronger sort for *them* some day.

"The *Times* gentleman (a very difficult gent. to please) is the loudest and noisiest of all, and has made more hideous faces over the refreshment offered to him than any other critic. There is no use shirking this statement: when a man has been abused in the *Times* he can't hide it, any more than he could hide the knowledge of his having been committed to prison by Mr. Henry, or publicly caned in Pall-Mall. You see it in your friends' eyes when they meet you. They know it. They have chuckled over it to a man. They whisper about it at the club, and look over the paper at you. My next door neighbor came to see me this morning, and I saw by his face that he had the whole story pat. 'Hem!' says he. 'well, I *have* heard of it; and the fact is, they were talking about you at dinner last night, and mentioning that the *Times* had — ahem! — "walked into you."'

"My good M—— (I say, and M—— will corroborate, if need be, the statement I make here), here is the *Times* article, dated January 4th, which states so and so, and here is a letter from the publisher, likewise dated January 4th, and which says:

"'My dear Sir—Having this day sold the last copy of the first edition (of x thousand) of the *Kickleburys Abroad*, and having orders for more, had we not better proceed to a second edition? and will you permit me to inclose an order on,' &c. &c.?

"Singular coincidence! And if every author who was so abused by a critic had a similar note from a publisher, good Lord! how easily would we take the critic's censure!

"'Yes, yes,' you say: 'it is all very well for a writer to affect to be indifferent to a critique from the *Times*. You bear it as a boy bears a flogging at school, without crying out; but don't swagger and brag as if you liked it.'

"Let us have truth before all. I would rather have a good word than a bad one from any person: but if a critic abuses me from a high place, and it is worth my while, I will appeal. If I can show that the judge who is delivering sentence against me, and laying down the law, and making a pretence of learning, has no learning and no law, and is neither more nor less than a pompous noodle, who ought not to be heard in any respectable court, I will do so; and then, dear friends, perhaps you will have something to laugh at in this book."

THE KICKLEBURYS ON THE RHINE.

"It has been customdry of late years for the purveyors of amusing literature—the popular authors of the day—to put forth certain opuscules, denominated 'Christmas books," with the ostensible intention of swelling the tide of exhilaration or other expansive emotions incident upon the exodus of the old and the inauguration of the new year. We have said that their ostensible intention was such, because there is another motive for these productions, locked up (as the popular author deems) in his own breast, but which betrays itself, in the quality of the work, as his principal incentive. Oh, that any muse should be set upon a high stool to cast up accounts and balance a ledger! Yet so it is; and the popular author finds it convenient to fill up the declared deficit, and place himself in a position the more effectually to encounter those liabilities which sternly assert themselves contemporaneously and in contrast with the careless and free-handed tendencies of the season by the emission of Christmass books—a kind of literary *assignats*, representing to the emitter expunged debts, to the receiver an investment of enigmatical value. For the most part bearing the stamp of their origin in the vacuity of the writer's exchequer rather than in the fulness of his genius, they suggest by their feeble flavor the rinsings of a void brain after the more important concoctions of the expired year. Indeed, we should as little think of taking these compositions as examples of the merits of their authors as we should think of measuring the valuable services of Mr. Walker, the postman, or Mr. Bell, the dust collector, by the copy of verses they leave at our doors, as a provocative of the expected annual gratuity—effusions with which they may fairly be classed for their intrinsic worth no less than their ultimate purport.

"In the Christmas book presently under notice Mr. Thackeray appears (under the thin disguise of Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh) *in propria persona*, as the popular author, the contributor to *Punch*, the remorseless pursuer of unconscious vulgarity and feeblemindedness, launched upon a tour of relaxation to the Rhine. But though exercising, as is the wont of popular authors in their moments of leisure, a plentiful reserve of those higher qualities to which they are indebted for their fame, his professional instincts are not altogether in abeyance. From the moment his eye lights upon a luckless family group embarked on the same steamer with himself, the sight of his accustomed quarry—vulgarity, imbecility, and affectation — reanimates his relaxed sinews, and, playfully fastening his satiric fangs upon the familiar prey, he dallies with it in mimic ferocity like a satiated mouser.

"Though faintly and carelessly indicated, the characters are those with which the author loves to surround himself. A tuft-hunting county baronet's widow, an inane captain of Dragoons, a graceless young baronet, a lady with groundless pretensions to feeble health and poetry, an obsequious nonentity, her husband, and a flimsy and artificial young lady, are the personages in whom we are expected to find amusement. Two individuals alone form an exception to the above category, and are offered to the respectful admiration of the reader—the one, a shadowy serjeant-at-law, Mr. Titmarch's travelling companion, who escapes with a few side puffs of flattery, which the author struggles not to render ironical, and a mysterious countess, spoken of in a tone of religious reverence, and apparently introduced that we may learn by what delicate discriminations our adoration of rank should be regulated.

"To those who love to hug themselves in a sense of superiority by admeasurement with the most worthless of their species, in their most worthless aspects, the *Kickleburys on the Rhine* will afford an agreeable treat, especially as the purveyor of the feast offers his own moments of human weakness as a modest *entree* in this banquet of erring mortality. To our own perhaps unphilosophical taste—the aspirations towards sentimental perfection of another popular author are infinitely preferable to these sardonic divings after the pearl of truth, whose lustre is eclipsed in the display of the diseased oyster. Much, in the present instance, perhaps all the disagreeable effect of his subject, is no doubt attributable to the absence of Mr. Thackeray's usual brilliancy of style. A few flashes, however, occur, such as the description of M. Lenoir's gaming establishment, with the momentous crisis to which it was subjected, and the quaint and imaginative sallies evoked by the old town of Rougetnoirbourg and its lawful prince. These, with the illustrations, which are spirited enough, redeem the book from an absolute ban. Mr. Thackeray's pencil is more congenial than his pen. He cannot draw his men and women with their skins off, and, therefore, the effigies of his characters are pleasanter to contemplate than the flayed anatomies of the letter-press."

"There is the whole article. And the reader will see (in the paragraph preceding that memorable one which winds up with the deceased oyster) that he must be a worthless creature for daring to like the book, as he could only do so from a desire to hug himself in a sense of superiority by admeasurement with the most worthless of his fellow-creatures!

"The reader is worthless for liking a book of which the characters are worthless, except too which are offered to his respectful admiration; and of these two the author does not respect one, but struggles not to laugh in his face; whilst he apparently speaks of another in a tone of religious reverence, because the lady is a countess, and because he (the author) is a sneak. So reader, author, characters, are rogues all. Be there any honest men left, Hal? About Printing house square, mayhap you may light on an honest man, a squeamish man, a proper moral man a man that shall talk you Latin by the half column if you will but hear him.

"And what a style it is, that great man's! What heighth of foine language entoirely! How he can discourse you in English for all the world as if it was Latin! For instance, suppose you and I had to announce the important news that some writers published what are called Christmas books; that Christmas books are so called because they are published at Christmas; and that the purpose of the authors is to try and amuse people. Suppose, I say, we had by the sheer force of intellect, or by other means of observation or information, discovered these great truths, we should have announced them in so many words. And there it is that the difference lies between a great writer and a poor one; and we may see how an inferior man may fling a chance away. How does my friend of the *Times* put these proposition? 'It has been customary,' says he, 'of late years for the purveyors of amusing literature to put forth certain *opuscules, denominated Christmas books, with the ostensible intention of swelling the tide of exhilaration, or other expansive emotions, incident upon the exodus of the old or the inauguration of the new year.*' That is something like a sentence; not a word scarcely but's in Latin, and the longest and handsomest out of the whole dictionary. This is proper economy—*as you see a buck from Holywell street put every pinchback pin, ring, and chain which he possesses about his shirt, hands and waistcoat, and then go and cut a dash in the Park, or swagger with his order to the theatre. It costs him no more to wear all his ornaments about him distinguished person than to leave them at home.* If you can be a swell at a cheap rate, why not? And I protest, for my part, I had no idea what I was really about in writing and submitting my little book for sale, until my friend the critic, looking at the article, and examining with the eyes of a connoisseur, pronounced that what I had fancied simply to be a book was in fact 'an opuscule, denominated so-and-so, and ostensibly intended to swell the tide of expansive emotion incident upon the inauguration of the new year.' I can hardly believe as much even now—so little do we know what we really are after, until men of genius come and interpret.

"And, besides the ostensible intention, the reader will perceive that my judge has discovered another latent motive, which I had 'locked up in my own breast.' The sly rogue! (if we may so speak of the court). There is no keeping anything from him; and this truth, like the rest, has come out, and is all over England by this time. Oh! that all England, which has bought the judge's charge, would purchase the prisoner's plea in mitigation! 'O that any muse should be set on a high stool,' says the bench, 'to cast up accounts and balance a ledger! Yet so it is; and the popular author finds it convenient to fill up the declared deficit by the emission of Christmas books—a kinds of assignats that bear the stamp of their origin in the vacuity of the writer's exchequer.' There is a trope for you! You rascal, you wrote because you wanted money! His lordship has found out what you were at, and that there is a deficit in your till. But he goes on to say that we poor devils are to be pitied in our necessity, and that these compositions are no more to be taken as examples of our merits than the verses which the dustman leaves at his lordship's door, 'as a provocative of the expected annual gratuity,' are to be considered as measuring his, the scavenger's, valuable services—nevertheless the author's and the scavenger's 'effusions may fairly be classed, for their intrinsic worth, no less than their ultimate purport.'

[illegible] bless his lordship on the bench. What a gentlemanlike badinage he has, and what a charming and playful wit always at hand! What a sense he has for a simile, or what Mrs. Malaprop calls an odorous comparison, and how gracefully he conducts it to 'its ultimate purport. A gentleman writing a poor little book is a scavenger asking for a Christmas-box!

"As I try this small-beer which has called down such a deal of thunder, I can't help thinking that it is not Jove who has interfered (the case was scarce worthy of his divine vindictiveness); but the Thunderer's man, *Jupiter Jeames, taking his master's place, adopting his manner, and trying to dazzle and roar like his awful employer.* The figure of the dustman has hardly been flung from heaven: that 'ultimate purport' is a subject which the Immortal would hardly handle. Well, well; let us allow that the book is not worthy of such a polite critic—that the beer is not strong enough for a gentleman who has taste and experience in beer.

"That opinion no man can ask his honor to alter; but (the beer being the question), why make unpleasant allusions to the *Gazette*, and hint at the probable bankruptcy of the brewer? Why twit me with my poverty; and what can the *Times* critic know about the vacuity of my exchequer? Did he ever lend me any money? Does he not himself write for money? (and who would grudge it to such a polite, and generous, and learned author?) If he finds no disgrace in being paid, why should I? If he has been ever poor, why should he joke at my empty exchequer? Of course such a genius is paid for his work: with such neat logic, such a pure style, such a charming poetical turn of phase, of course a critic gets money. Why, a man who can say of a Christmas book that 'it is an opuscule denominated so and so, and ostensibly intended to swell the tide of expansive emotion incident upon the exodus of the old year,' *must evidently have had immense sums and care expended on his early education, and deserves a splendid return.* You can't go into the market, and get scholarship like *that*, without paying for it; even the flogging that such a writer must have had in early youth (if he was at a public school where the rods were paid for), must have cost his parents a good sum. Where would you find any but an accomplished classical scholar to compare the books of the present (or, indeed, any other) writer to 'sardonic divings after the pearl of trgth, whose lustre is eclipsed in the display of the disensed oyster;' *mere Billingsgate doesn't turn out oysters like these;* they are of the Lucrine lake; this satirist has pickled his rods in Latin brine. Fancy, not merely a diver, but a sardonic diver: and the expression of his confounded countenance on discovering not only a pearl, but an eclipsed pearl, who was in a diseased oyster! *I say it is only by an uncommon and happy combination of taste, genius, and industry, that a man can arrive at uttering such sentiments in such fine language*—that such a man ought to be well paid, as I have no doubt he is, and that he is worthily employed to write literary articles, in large type, in the leading Journal of Europe. Don't we want men of eminence and polite learning to sit on the literary bench, and to direct the public opinion?

"But when this profound scholar compares me to a scavenger, who leaves a copy of verses at his door and begs for a Christmas-box, I must again cry out, and say, 'My dear sir, it is true your simile is offensive, but can you make it out? Are you not hasty in your figures and allusions? If I might give a hint to so consummate a rhetorician, you should be more careful in making your figures figures, and similes like: for instance, when you talk of a book 'swelling the tide of exhilaration incident to the inauguration of the New Year,' or of a book 'bearing the stamp of its origin in vacuity,' &c.—or of a man diving sardonically; or of a pearl eclipsed in the display of a diseased oyster—there are some people who will not apprehend your meaning: some will doubt whether you had a meaning: some even will question your great powers and say, 'Is this man to be a critic in a newspaper, which knows that English and Latin too, and what sense and scholarship are? I don't quarrel with you—I take for granted your wit and learning, your modesty and benevolence—but why scavenger—Jupiter Jeames—why scavenger? A gentleman, whose biography the *Examiner* was fond of quoting before he took his present serious and othordox turn, was pursued by an outraged wife to the very last stage of his existence with an appeal almost as pathetic—'Ah, sir, why scavenger?'

"How can I be like a dustman that rings for a Christmas box at your hall-door? I never was there in my life. I never left at your door a copy of verses provocative of an annual gratuity, as your noble honor styles it. Who are you? If you are the man I take you to be, it was you who asked the publisher for my book, and not I who sent it in, and begged a gratuity of your worship. You abused me out of the *Times'* window; but if ever your noble honor sent me a gratuity out of your own door, may I never drive another dust-cart. 'Provocative of a gratuity! O splendid swell! How much was it your worship sent out to me by the footman? Every farthing you have paid I will restore to your lordship, and I swear I shall not be a halfpenny the poorer.

"As before, and on similar seasons and occasions, I have compared myself to a person following a not dissimilar calling, let me suppose, now, for a minute, that I am a writer of a Christmas farce, who sits in the pit, and sees the performance of his own piece. There comes applause, hissing, yawning, laughter, as may be; but the loudest critic of all is our friend the cheap buck, who sits yonder and makes his remarks, so that all the audience may hear. 'This a farce!' says Beau Tibbs, 'demmy! it's the work of a poor devil who writes for money—confound his vulgarity! This a farce! Why isn't it a tragedy, or a comedy, or an epic poem, stap my vitals? This a farce, indeed! It's a feller as sends round his hat, and appeals to charity. Let's 'ave our money back again, I say.' And he swaggers off; *and you find the fellow came in with an author's order.*

"But if, in spite of Tibbs, our 'kyind friends,' &c &c. &c.—if the little farce, which was meant to amuse Christmas (or what my classical friend calls Exodus), is asked for, even up to Twelfth Night—shall the publishers stop because Tibbs is dissatisfied? Whenever that capitalist calls to get his money back, he may see the letter from the respected publisher, informing the author that all the copies are sold, and that there are demands for a new edition. Up with the curtain, then! Vivat Regina! and no money returned, except the *Times'* 'gratuity!'

M. A. TITMARSH.

"*Jan.* 5, 1851."

From The Literary World.

Mr. Sparks' liberties with Washington.

An article which appears in the *Evening Post*, and which we have transferred to another page of this paper, brings before the public a remarkable example of the privileges which an editor will sometimes take to himself, in the exercise of an assumed discretion—to the injury of biography and the misrepresentation of his subject. It appears that a considerable portion of the Revolutionary letters of George Washington published in Mr. Sparks' collection of his Writings, which we have always regarded as an authoritative national work, have been altered, abridged, and, we regret to add, mutilated; and this without notice of the changes! It is a bold privilege which the editor has assumed—a privilege which he will have great difficulty in sustaining before a country jealous of the fame and integrity of Washington. Looking at the whole circumstance as it is detailed, and the nature of the alterations, it appears to us one of the most flagrant acts of the kind in literary history. Mr. Sparks, it will be noted, was using MSS. then unpublished, which accident might have put for ever beyond the power of again speaking for themselves as they do in Mr. Reed's subsequent publication.

The prudence of Washington, it certainly seems to us, is of a character which needed no extraneous support from Jared Sparks. He left no line which, "dying, he would wish to blot." In the letters which we have read from his pen, even on the most trifling subjects and most familiar occasions, there appear always a decorum and propriety as remarkable as the well known neatness of the penmanship. He had no words to throw away in conversation of an unsettled or frivolous character; and it may always be taken for granted, in his case, above that of most others, that what he wrote he meant. Nor were there faults of grammar or spelling, would it be necessary in his case to correct them for the benefit of his reputation. Lord Holland, in his Reminiscences, tells us that Napoleon, "in the mechanical part of literature, certainly was no adept; his handwriting was nearly illegible. His orthography was certainly not correct; that of few Frenchmen, not professed authors; was so thirty years ago."

A man's character may be superior to the education of his times, and it is not as grammarians or orthographers that such men as Washington and Napoleon live in history.

But these charges are of a graver kind. They [illegible] history" and a suppression of the truth which, to the extent carried, is an assertion of the false.

The truth is, that Washington's character has suffered somewhat, with popular admiration, by its level smoothness and a supposed exceeding cautiousness. Those who know his life, know that he had always strong passion at command; and philosophers know that it is only strong passion which can beget, in circumstances such as those in which Washington was placed, so perfect an evenness of movement. The ship in the midst of surges and tempest must have a strong headway on of wind or steam to preserve its position. There must be a powerful furnace to reduce the rough iron to its state of limpid smoothness. It is "the very torrent, tempest, and whirlwind of passion" which "must acquire end beget a temperance that may give it smoothness." Now, it makes Washington not less, but more a man to the multitude when they can see his acts of Rebellion (for such they were) in the making—in the first flush of indignation at British outrage—or home privateersmen; when we can see the weakness of our warfare in its lack of the primary element of "powder;" or when we can gather the familiar nature of the recruits in such characteristic phrases as Old Put. What is *General Putnam*, substituted by Mr. Sparks, compared to "Old Put?" What will the history of General Jackson and General Taylor be without "Old Hickory" or "Old Zach." A popular nickname, really accredited, is as true as a proverb. Washington, we may be sure, will bear to be looked at in undress. His figure is a good one without the tailor. The public has seen him too exclusively on horseback and in his regimentals. We want to be nearer to the man. Every reader has felt this—and the biographer who will best supply this by personal anecdotes, even if they fall below that excessive bugbear, the dignity of history, will be the truest and best biographer.

But there is really no question to discuss—for in the publication of original documents of this kind there is no latitude to be allowed to an editor. The writer in the *Post* says that he could offer more proof of Mr. Sparks' injuries to Washington were not the point "merged in a graver question, which I leave with editors and reviewers to determine. It is for them to say whether it falls within the line of a historian's or a biographer's duty to alter or garble a historial document for any purpose whatever." To this question we presume there can be but one answer, and, to our readers, it would be idle to argue the matter. Certain cases indeed may arise. In an old document the indelicacy of a past age may, in a popular work, be inadmissible, but the omission should be stated as an omission: or nearer the present day it may be inexpedient to publish truths or statements concerning living persons. These are, however, cases which take care of themselves, and none of them now apply to Washington. There should be no presumption raised by an annalist other than the true one; and we are manifestly deceived when we think we are reading the *ipissima verba* of George Washington, and we are in fact only reading a part of what he thought fit to write on the occasion—with the supplementary matter, indeed, of his editor.

There is no reputation it would seem from literary annals, to look beyond this case of Mr. Sparks, too high, no historic fame too lofty, for the well assured abilities of editorship to trifle with. Talk of the daring and boldness of genius; they are nothing to the hardihood of stupidity. Dulness seeks the highest quarry, and nothing short of a Shakspeare will content its aspirations. It is the deadly parasite of nobility. Think of Rymer's Reflections on Shakspeare. There was a man once by the name of Dr. Farmer, a worthy man doubtless, too, who took it upon himself to inform a Mr. Steevens, both worthy men—prowling about the tomb of Shakspeare—that the fine edged passage in Hamlet,

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will,"

was *merely technical*—that Shakspeare's father was a butcher, and that this was the way he made his skewers! clinching this protound argument by the personal statement—"I have frequently seen packages of wool pinned up with skewers." After which we may ask was Dr. Farmer a sheep's head, and did he wear hair pins? There was once upon a time too, a gentleman of Oxford, who took it upon himself to turn Milton's Paradise Lost into prose *at once*, and went through with it, getting rid of all inversions and beginning, "Heavenly spirit of truth and harmony assist me!" One Bishop Sprat, a very worthy man of his day and an elegant writer, hadse tells us in his "account of the Life of Mr. Abraham Cowley," one of the "greatest collections of his letters." He tells us, too, they are admirable, which we can well believe of the poet, for their "native tenderness and innocent gaiety of mind"—but he adds, "nothing of this nature should be published! In such letters the souls of men appear undressed: and in that negligent habit they may be fit to be seen by one or two in a chamber, but not to go abroud in the streets." To this absurd notion English literature is indebted for the loss of one of the best rare and delightful means of social and moral culture in the unrecovered letters of Cowley.

There is no end of these liberties when a dull man once gets hold of a great author. How the fine gold vanishes and the fancy becomes dim! We have seen it applied in various ways. It is not unknown in a certain devitalizing school in American literature, abounding in examples of the desiccated style where fancy, if it ever existed, is suppressed, and imagination starved—where the Nine Muses would not be received as day laborers—where slow Dulness serpentines along the vast plain of Platitude. The New England Magazine once applied this antiphlogistic treatment to Mr. Dana, unable to bridge over the airy flights of his Buccanneer and other poems.

A defect of imagination is the vice of a certain school of writers. In their love of decencies and their self-respect for mediocrity, they would have every department of literature reduced to the Pickwickian property of a diplomatic correspondence. Every assertion is to be so qualified by conditions and reduced by expletives, that it comes to the reader weakened, and incapable of conveying a stirring impression. We are no admirers of the sensation school—a noisy bore is more dreadful than a quiet one—but for vigor, life, poetic vitality, there are precedents in nearly every classic author in the language. The imagination in its due use and exercise is not for poets and orators only, but for prose writers—essayists, travellers, and historians. It is an enormous mistake of the vulgar to suppose that the imagination is exclusively occupied in seeing things which do not exist; perhaps its rarest, certainly its most valuable, exercise is in seeing things which are. Of two accounts of an everyday matter, the man of sound imagination will give you the best—for he will be the best able to transfer himself to the condition of each actor, and report dramatically what he sees. A man of true imagination would never make the error of misinterpreting George Washington.

From Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

Thoughts on Hats.

THE HAT OF THE FUTURE.

All men in the civilized world wear hats, and all hats are alike. From east to west, from north to south, the head-covering of civilized man is a hard black cylinder, or frustrum of a cone, erect or inverted, and with a narrow rim made of the same inflexible and rigid material. It is difficult to say when it is most inconvenient; whether it is most in the way when worn upon the head, when carried in the hand, or when not in actual use. On the head, it is hard and uncomfortable; in summer it leaves its mark on the brow, and in winter affords no warmth. It neither protects the face from the sun in fine weather, nor the neck from wet in rain. It is very apt to be blown off by wind, and, when the accident has occurred, is very difficult to recover again. In the hand it is awkward and indisposable. In a crowd it is utterly unmanageable, and must be abandoned to its fate, to be crushed and ruined as chance may direct.

It is amusing, and yet melancholy, to see how the owner of a glossy beaver, upon his first entrance to a crowd, in the pit of a theatre or elsewhere, will strive to keep it out of the press. For himself he cares not; his coat may take its chance, but an effort must be made to save the young honors of his hat. He struggles to hold it aloft, and for a time it may be seen waving above the confused sea of heads—a signal of its owner's distress. But it cannot last; human muscles are not inexhaustible in their powers of endurance: deltoides, biceps, triceps, supinator, and extensors strike work, and at length the arm and hat drop into the destruction which awaits the latter in the close-wedged mass of limbs and bodies below. The remonstrances of the surrounding fellow-sufferers, whose inconvenience has been augmented by the proprietor's solicitude for his hat, are exchanged for smiles, and self-congratulations on their own greater prudence in bringing no old hat [illegible] after my morning's literary task was over, I used to come and wait for you occasionally until school was dismissed, and you used to promise to keep back the punishment of some little, tough, broad bottomed Dutch boy until I should come, for my amusement — but never kept your promise. I don't think I should look with a friendly eye on the new school-house, however nice it might be.

"Since I saw you in New York, I have had severe attacks of billious intermittent fever, which shook me terribly; but they cleared out my system, and I have ever since been in my usual excellent health, able to mount my horse and gallop about the country almost as briskly as when I was a youngster. Wishing you the enjoyment of the same inestimable blessing, and begging you to remember me to your daughter who penned your letter, and to your son whom out of old kindness and companionship you have named after me,

"I remain ever, my old friend,
"Yours very truly and cordially,
"WASHINGTON IRVING.

"Jesse Merwin, Esq."

From Stella and Vannessa [*Translated from the French, by Lady Duff Gordon, and recently published in London*].

SWIFT'S FIRST SERMON AT LARACOR.

"The following morning Swift superintended Tisdale's departure, and when the proper time came, he went to the church. It was quite filled; not but what it could hold many more than sixty Protestants of Laracor; but numbers of people had come from the neighborhood, either curious to hear Swift's first sermon, or hoping to witness an uproar.

"Whatever the cause may have been, the aspect of the congregation was calm and decorous. Swift began to read the prayers, and was listened to with edifying attention. He could not help smiling when he thought of the fears of his young colleague, and he congratulated himself on not having heeded them. But no sooner had he ended the prayers, and turned his steps towards the pulpit, than his hearers left their seats.

"He ascended the steps, wondering within himself what they were about to do. But no sooner was he in the pulpit than his doubts were resolved; the congregation was going away.

"This then was the plot contrived against him; it certainly was ingenious. Conspiracies usually fail owing to the cowardice of their members. They promise their support, and at the decisive moment they run away. But in this case the victory could only be obtained by flight, and failure, therefore, seemed impossible.

"What could he do? They were all walking out without hurry or disorder, with an air of pious abstraction, as if they had no idea that any one was going to preach, and as if when the prayers were over they had nothing to do but each man to return home. How was he to oppose this silent storm?

"On the the other hand to leave the pulpit was to acknowledge himself beaten.

"Meanwhile the crowd slowly dispersed. It was evident that the church would soon be empty, and Swift's situation had become very awkward.

"In the reading-desk beneath him was Coxe looking up at him with a rougish air.

"How was he to get out of the scrape!

"A thought struck him. He opened the Bible and read in a firm sonorous voice:

"'And the Lord said: If I find in Sodom fifty righteous within the city, then will I spare all the place for their sakes.'

"The congregation turned their heads to hear what he could be saying. The tide of departure was stopped, and only those went out who were on the very threshold, and too far off to hear his voice:

"Swift continued reading;

"'And Abraham answered and said: Behold now, I have taken upon me to speak unto the Lord which am but dust and ashes:

"'Peradventure there shall lack five of the fifty righteous: wilt Thou destroy all the city for lack of five? And He said, if I find there forty and five I will not destroy it.'

"The Vicar was reading the Bible, no doubt to make God a party to the insult offered to himself, and in the hope of thus retaining his congregation. But the trick was easily seen through—and at a sign from Coxe they moved on again.

"Swift was not discouraged.

"'And he spake unto him yet again, and said: Peradveture there shall be forty found there? And He said I will not do it for forty's sake.'

"There was about the number that remained.—Evidently these texts were not read by chance: they contained an allusion that was comically appropriate. There was a moment's hesitation, but Coxe was inexorable. He waved his hand, and the retreat continued, though more slowly.

"The text Swift had chosen, contained a lesson of perseverance. He read on:

"'And he said unto him, Oh let not the Lord be angry, and I will speak: Peradventure there shall be thirty found there? And He said, I will not do it if I find thirty there.'

"A laugh, more of amusement than hostility, was heard among the crowd. But this time there was no hesitation. The people advanced towards the door with an even step. Coxe surveyed them with an air of proud satisfaction.

"Any one but Swift would have given up the game: but he still kept pace, by reading the text, with the decrease in the number of his congregation.

"'And he said, Behold now I have taken upon me to speak unto the Lord: Peradventure there shall be twenty found there? And He said, I will not destroy it for twenty's sake.'

"'And he said: Oh let not the Lord be angry, and I will speak yet but this once: Peradventure ten shall be found there? And He said, I will not destroy it for ten's sake.'

"Not more than ten remained, who were on the very threshold. Coxe was triumphant.

"Swift shut the book.

"Coxe rubbed his hands.

"But Swift would not yet acknowledge himself beaten.

"'Abraham,' said he, 'went no further: he dared not to try God's patience any more. But if I may venture to suppose the case mine; that which he did not dare to do, I would have done, and I would have said to the Almighty: Peradventure five should be found.'

"Swift had begun his sermon. Coxe stared, open-mouthed with astonishment.

"'Peradventure two only shall be found.'

"Close to the door Coxe espied the landlord of the Cat and Bagpipes. He tossed his head and looked up at the preacher, exulting in his victory over him.

"'Perhaps there may be but one,' and Swift stretching forth his arm from the pulpit, pointed at him with his finger. Utterly aghast, Coxe turned quickly round again, drew his head between his shoulders, and held his elbows close to his sides, like a man who is expecting a chimney-pot to fall upon his head.

"'And I feel assured that the answer of the Lord would still have been the same, that for the sake of one just man, of one single man faithful to his post, while all the rest forsook their's—'

"Coxe shrunk visibly.

"'—Of one single man inaccessible to the influence of evil example, of one man whose ears and heart remained open to the word of the Lord God, would have pardoned the guilty city.'

"The conspirators had kept their word, they had all quitted the church, but the stragglers in the rear, wondering whether the parson would persist in preaching without a congregation, could not make up their minds to go away altogether, and remained standing in the porch. Those next in order, seeing them stop and turn round, in their turn did so too. By dint of stretching their necks, and pricking up their ears those nearest the door heard the vicar pretty well.

"'What is he saying?' asked those in the second row, rising themselves on tiptoe.

"'A hush,' and wave of the hand were the only answer of the front rank, who did not wish to lose the thread of the discourse.

"Finding that they got no further answer, the last comers pushed the others forward, and the latter readily obeyed the impulsion, which afforded them a decent pretext for getting near enough to hear so very odd a sermon.

"This retrograde evolution had not taken place unobserved by the runaways who were already in the churchyard. Amazed at perceiving that people were going back into the church, they returned to see what could be the reason. The same wish made them in their turn push those who stood before; the same reason as before made these give way; and little by little the whole mass was gradually shoved forward, and the church filled again, while Swift immoveable, and apparently unconscious of what was passing, went on with his sermon as follows:

"Yea, verily, a single just man sufficeth to redeem, nay, regenerate a whole people. For, if the spectacle of vice has power to corrupt, happily virtue likewise is contagious. By the force of example, one just man may convert his erring brother—these two just men may bring back into the right way five others; the five may bring back ten; the ten twenty; and why should not the twenty bring back thirty?—the thirty, forty?—the forty, fifty? Why indeed should not the whole people return one by one into the path of salvation.'

"'Bravo! bravo shouted Coxe, forgetting all—the place in which he was, his schemes of revenge and his position as head of the conspiracy.

"He jumped out of his desk, leaped over the benches, elbowed the crowd, and drove the people towards the eloquent preacher. But this was not enough for him. He ran out into the churchyard, gathered together men women and children, and urging them with words and gestures, he drove them, whether they would or no, rating and abusing them, higgledy-piggledy into the sacred edifice. Driven by so active a sheep-dog, the whole flock soon returned to its shepherd, and by the time Swift had ended his sermon, the church was full, and the congregation enthusiastic in its admiration of him."

—This (adds an English reviewer) is an improvement on the original tradition, which records that Swift, finding none but Coxe in the church, begun the service with the words, 'Dearly beloved brother—the Scripture moveth you and me in sundry places to acknowledge and confess, &c.'

The effect of the change upon society may be expected to be considerable. It will be no small thing to have abrogated an evil of daily and perpetual occurrence to every man. In all public places the difference will be conspicuous; crowds will always be good humored, congregations will be more attentive, audiences at theatres and concerts will be more capable of enjoyment and more urbane to each other. The recollection of pleasant dreams and agreeable parties will not be embittered by the loss of the hat, or the substitution of an old one for a new; for everyone will have something which may be easily carried in the pocket when not upon the head. A better style of public speaking may be anticipated, which will also have the advantage of being addressed to less impatient, because less uncomfortable hearers. Kindlier feelings, less selfishness, greater mutual confidence, more desire and larger opportunity of doing good may be expected on all occasions when men meet together; and the whole world of Europe will walk abroad, redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled by the irresistible genius of hat-emancipation.

THE *Kinderhook Sentinel* has started for the round of newspaper publication the following pleasant letter of Washington Irving to his friend Jesse Merwin, the original of "Ichabod Crane" of the "Sleepy Hollow" legend:

"Sunny Side, February 12, 1851.

"You must excuse me, my good friend Merwin, for suffering your letter to remain so long unanswered. You can have no idea how many letters I have to answer, besides fagging with my pen at my own literary tasks, so that it is impossible for me to avoid being behindhand in my correspondence. Your letter was indeed most welcome — calling up as it did the recollection of pleasant scenes and pleasant days passed together in times long since at Judge Van Ness's, in Kinderhook. Your mention of the death of good old Dominie Van Nest, recalls the apostolic zeal with which he took our little sinful community in hand, when he put up for a day or two at the Judge's; and the wholesale castigation he gave us all one Sunday, beginning with the two country bells who came fluttering into the school house during the sermon, decked out in their city finery, and ending with the Judge himself, in the stronghold of his own mansion. How soundly he gave it to us! how he peeled off every rag of self-righteousness with which we tried to cover ourselves, and laid the rod on the bare backs of our consciences! The good, plain-spoken, honest old man! How I honored him for his simple, straightforward earnestness; his homely sincerity! He certainly handled us without mittens; but I trust we are all the better for it. How different he was from the brisk dapper, self-sufficient little apostle who cantered up to the Judge's door a day or two after; who was so full of himself that he had no thought to bestow on our religious delinquencies; who did nothing but boast of his public trials of skill in argument with rival preachers of other denominations, and how he had driven them off the field, and crowed over them. You must remember the bustling self-confident little man, with a tin trumpet in the handle of his riding whip, with which I presume he blew the trumpet in Zion!

"Do you remember our fishing expedition in company with Congressman Van Allen to the little lake a few miles from Kinderhook; and John Moore, the vagabond admiral of the lake, who sat crouched in a heap in the middle of his canoe in the centre of the lake, with fishingrods stretching out in every direction like the long legs of a spider? And do you remember our piratical prank, when we made up for our bad luck in fishing by plundering his canoe of its fish when we found it adrift? And do you remember how John Moore came splashing along the marsh on the opposite border of the lake, roaring at us, and how we finished our frolic by driving off and leaving the Congressman to John Moore's mercy, tickling ourselves with the idea of his being scalped at least?

"Ah, well-a-day, friend Merwin, these were the days of our youth and folly. I trust we have grown wiser and better since then; we certainly have grown older. I don't think we could rob John Moore's fishing canoe now. By the way, that same John Moore, and the anecdotes you told of him, gave me the idea of a vagabond character, Dirck Schuyler, in my Knickerbocker history of New York, which I was then writing.

"You tell me the old school house is torn down and a new one built in its place. I am sorry for it. I should have liked to see the old school house [illegible]

"Since I saw you in New York, I have had severe attacks of billious intermittent fever, which shook me terribly; but they cleared out my system, and I have ever since been in my usual excellent health, able to mount my horse and gallop about the country almost as briskly as when I was a youngster. Wishing you the enjoyment of the same inestimable blessing, and begging you to remember me to your daughter who penned your letter, and to your son whom out of old kindness and companionship you have named after me,

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